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SELECT TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE WORKS OF

HOMER and HORACE:

WITH

Original Poems.

By GILBERT THOMPSON, M. D.

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P R E F A C E.

IT was my intention in offering this little volume for the perusal of the Public, to have illustrated some passages both of the Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace, and of my own Poems, with Notes; and I cannot but lament that this has been so long delayed: for now the infirmities of seventy-five years, superadded to a constitution naturally not of the most active, seem to have conspired against the execution of this plan. I am therefore constrained to present them almost without a comment.

My first successful attempt at translating some of the many beauties with which the Iliad of Homer abounds, for many vain attempts had been made at earlier periods

of my life, was owing to the following circumstance. Being abroad, attending the duties of my profession, one snowy day about fifteen years ago, it brought to my recollection a simile of Homer; the translation of this passage (vide p. 29) the partiality of some friends having approved, I was induced to attempt other beautiful parts of the *Iliad*:—how I have succeeded in this, is not for me to determine.

It has always appeared to me that the genius of Homer was not consulted by Pope; whose *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are beautiful Poems, but they are not faithful translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. To do justice to the works of an author, we must rise when he rises, and fall when he falls; we must enter into his views and feel actuated by his motives; and in order to effect this, it seemed to me that the fetters of rhyme must be avoided. I have therefore confined my attempts to blank verse.

Homer is perhaps the most ancient poet whose works have been transmitted to us. He is supposed, by some learned critics, to have lived in the time of Ezekiel the prophet, and they think there is a strong resemblance

in their style and descriptions. In Homer's language and sentiments the simple and the sublime are united. Simplicity is perhaps the characteristic of the earlier ages of poetry : in which, and all the prime excellencies of this divine art, Chaucer is Homer's greatest rival. It is probable that the versification of the former conveyed a pleasing harmony to the ears of his cotemporary readers. Waller's sentiments favour this opinion :

Chaucer his sense can only boast ;
The glory of his numbers lost ;
Years have impair'd his matchless strain.

Chaucer and Spenser, his admirer and happy imitator in description, exceed all the ancient poets in making the reader behold what they describe : and this for two reasons ; first, they possessed a genius not inferior to the latter : secondly, they wrote in a language, the sound of whose words conveys the sense with greater force and energy than we find in the Latin or Greek.

Homer's poetry and divinity are frequently oriental.*

* That Homer's poetry is sometimes oriental, the following quotations, with the annexed parallel passages from the Sacred Writings may evince.

The following are instances of the *Synecdoche: partis pro toto*.

The beautiful originality of his similies must not pass unnoticed, nor the various designs they answer. First, they are great ornaments to the poem; if I were to compare Homer's Iliad to a crown of gold, I would say, it is stuck about with similies, as with precious stones. In the next place they sometimes serve to enliven the duller parts of narration, sometimes to suspend the reader's attention upon the eve of some great event, and increase his desire to know it, and consequently his pleasure on knowing it. They frequently present to the reader some pleasing traits of natural history, and not rarely instruct him in some fine moral or rather religious sentiment. In a word, the eccentric circumstances and wanderings of

"And Tripods, and the saffron-colour'd heads

"Of steeds"

Reply of Achilles to the Embassy, vide p. 59.

"I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them."

Deut. Ch. 32. v. 24.

And thus Horace, Book 3. Ode 28.

"Nos cantabimus invicem

Neptunum, et virides Nereidum comas:

Tu curva recines lyra

Latonam, et celeris spicula Cynthia:."

We shall together sing

Great Neptune, and the Nereids' sea green hair:

Thou on the bending lyre

Latona, and the points of Cynthia's winged darts:

imagination that charm us so much in his similies, are not the fruits of wild fancy, but are directed by profound wisdom to the two great ends, *prodesse et delectare*.

And the following may be considered parallel instances of the *Simile*.

"And as the fondness of the mother-bird
Spreads o'er her brood the solace of her wings,
And feeds with viands meet,"

Reply of Achilles to the Embassy, vide p. 54.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings:"

Deut. C. 32. v. 11.

These may also be considered parallel passages.

"Heaven that gave all this good, now gave him ill."

Reply of Glaucus to Diomed, vide p. 26.

In the original it is thus, "when he became hated by all the Gods." But as this sounds unpleasantly in the translation, I have ventured somewhat to vary it: and in this I am warranted not only by the following passage from Job, C. 2. v. 10.

"Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil."

but even by Homer himself; who, on introducing a blind musician to one of his feasts, thus sings of him,

Τὸν πῆρι Μῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδε δ' ἀγαθὸν τε, κακὸν τε,
Ὅφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδε δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.

Odeſſey, Book 8, Line 63, 64.

He was the darling of the Muse; she gave
Him good and evil; of sweet light amerc'd
His eyes, and gave him a delightful song.

I must further observe, that our poet is fond of summing up his similies with that graceful figure which Rhetoricians call the Epiphonema, of which the reader will find several examples in the following translation. I shall present him with one in this preface, which is as follows :

As when two torrents, rushing from the hills
Down the deep channel of some lowly vale,
Impetuous roll their now-assembled streams :
The sound from hills afar the shepherd hears.

Virgil was aware of the beauty of this figure, which he has frequently adopted, and taken care to preserve it in his imitation of this simile :

*In segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus austris
Incidit : aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit agros, sternit sata læta boumque labores ;
Precipitesque trahit sylvas ; stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.*

As Spencer and Milton have with great felicity imitated Homer's manner in their similies, it is to be wondered they did not pay more attention to this elegant

figure. It is true, adumbrations of it may be perceived in the conclusion of their similies; but so incorporated with the simile itself as seldom to shine with distinguished beauty. The similies of Homer and Spencer are the most easy and natural, and those of Virgil and Milton, which are borrowed from Homer, the most ingeniously artificial.

I cannot dismiss this subject without further remarking, that when Homer intends by his similies to illustrate some action, sentiment, or passion of the mind, they are contrived with the most perfect aptitude to answer that end: but when his chief design is to divert or please with some poetic description, he contents himself with a very faint and distant resemblance in his similies. And hence his manner I consider to be oriental, for we have many examples of such in the sacred writings. I shall instance the following simile of Homer, thus introduced:

Meanwhile, stout Ajax and Ulysses sage
And Diomed exhort the Greeks to fight;
For neither these the might of Trojans fear'd,
Nor their fierce onset; but expecting stood

The clouds resembling, which Saturnian Jove,
 In season mild, hath placed on mountain tops,
 What time the fury of the northern blast
 Now slumbers, and of all the blustering winds
 Which once unrein'd, wou'd chace with thrilling sound
 The misty darkness, and restore the day.

In taking a view of the poetic genius and character of Homer, his epithets should not pass unnoticed: these are generally characteristic of the person or thing described, and therefore universally adopted in all places and circumstances; even such, where the nicety and minuteness of modern criticism would change them. The general epithet which Homer gives to Venus is that of *φιλομειδης*, or the Goddess delighting in laughter, which the poet will not part with, even where she is introduced complaining to her mother Dionè of the wound given her by Diomed. The truth is, these geniuses of the oriental turn were so engrossed by sublime ideas, took in such comprehensive views, and were hurried on by such fire and impetuous energy, that they could not attend to punctilious accuracy; or rather, they neglected it in matters of inferior moment, at the same time that they practised the utmost delicacy and precision in their imitations of nature.

My present subject leads me to take notice of another species of epithets which I shall call occasional; and though Homer wants them not, I shall consider them as chiefly cultivated by succeeding poets, especially the Latins. By these a new field was opened for the display of poetic ingenuity, and the Muses' garden enriched with many new and beautiful flowers, and greater variety given to the poetic style. These epithets are such as are adapted to the context and carry on the sense, and (what is peculiarly beautiful) sometimes comprehend in themselves the significancy of a whole sentence. Of these I shall offer a few examples.

Discindat hærentem coronam

Crinibus *imèmeritamque* vestem.

Horat.

Hinc anni labor : hinc patriam parvosque nepotes

Sustinet hinc armenta boum, *meritosque* juvencos.

Virg.

This charming epithet of *meritos* attracted the eye of Pope, as we see, in the following lines:

Thine the full harvest of the golden year!

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.

But Pope, by premising the words *pays* and *justly*, anticipates surprize, which is essential to the force and beauty of words, and turns a very fine epithet into idle tautology.

With downcast looks the *joyless* victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below.

Dryden's Ode.

When thou destroys't thy lab'ring steer that till'd
And plow'd with pains thy *else ungrateful* field.

Dryden's Ovid.

I conclude my remarks on poetic epithets with observing, that our greatest poets, ever intent on avoiding the *ne quid nimis*, the too much of the one thing, take care not to cloy the reader and clog their stile, by an affected use of them. In this Pope is sometimes faulty, as in these examples, where, if the reader is fond of epithets he may be satiated with them :

..... with silent joy he spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods.

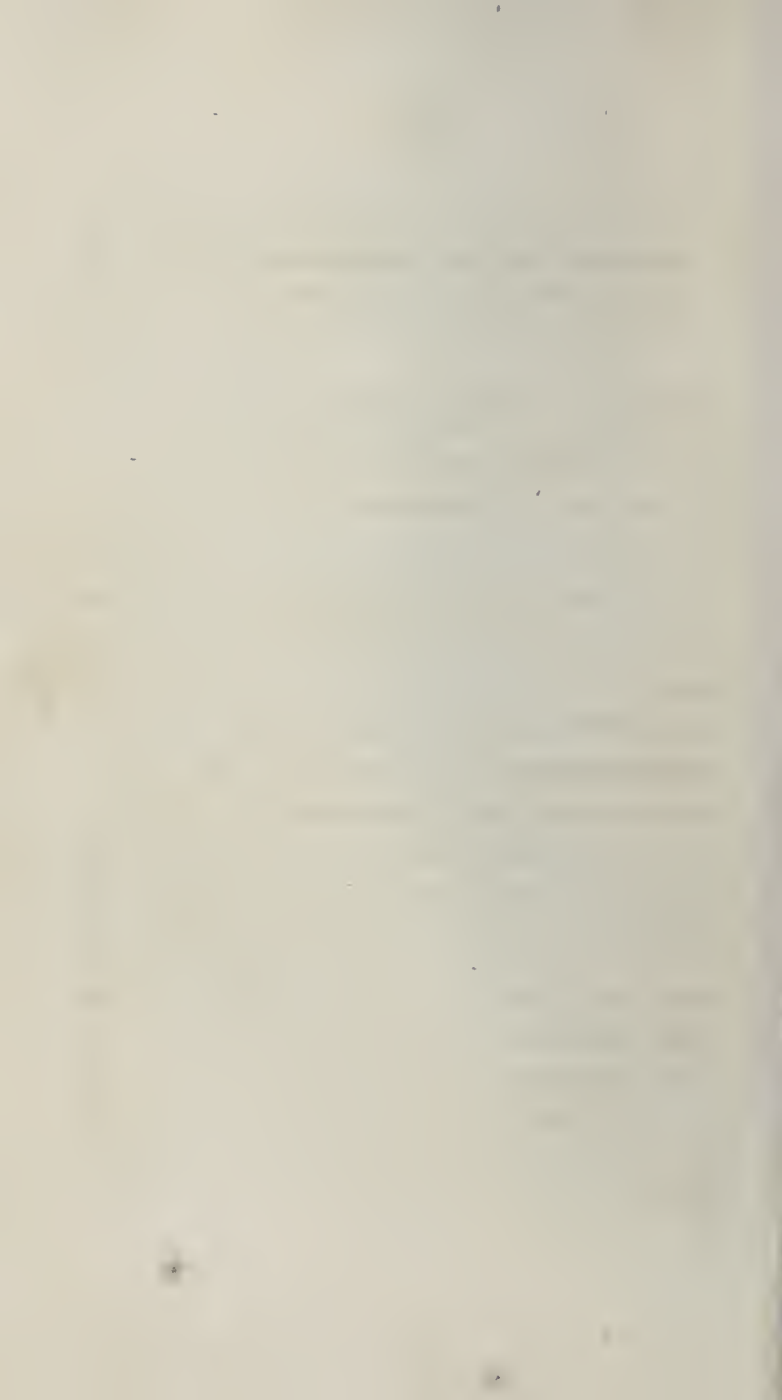
Windsor Forest.

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And papal piety and gothic fire.

Verses to Addison.

What has been already said with regard to my inducement for preferring blank verse in translating the Iliad of Homer, will equally apply to the works of Horace; if in an instance or two this has been varied from, I have to say, the translations in rhyme were made long before the others. One great beauty in the language of Horace, is his brevity:—and it has been my study to translate his brevity with his sense.

The Original poems are placed in the order of time, the date of each being respectively suffixed. Of these some few are inserted which may be esteemed juvenile; and if the critic should be disposed minutely to examine these, I would rather solicit his attention to those written in more advanced years; in which the genius for poetry may be said to be matured, and its efforts consequently more successfully employed. Many of these poems were composed while passing through the crouds of the metropolis, and several were never committed to paper until required for publication.



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Translations from Homer.

S I M I L E.

ILIAD. BOOK II. BEGINNING LINE 459.

As when the winged nations, or of geese
Or cranes or cygnets with long stately necks,
In Asian meads, beside Cayster's flood,
Hither and thither various flights display,
Rejoicing with their wings; then with mixt noise
From airy heights descend upon the plain;
Resounds with clangors shrill the crowded mead.
So, gathering from the ships and tents, were pour'd
Innumerable armies o'er Scamander's plain;
Earth trembled underneath the sounding feet
Of warriors and their horse, who dreadful stood
In blooming meads along Scamander's banks,
Unnumber'd as the leaves and vernal flow'rs.

SIMILE.

ILIAD. BOOK II. BEGINNING LINE 87.

As when of bees the nations numberless
 From out some hollow rock in crouds ascend,
 Ever anew fresh legions pouring forth:
 They throng in clusters round the vernal flow'rs,
 And this and that way stream their airy flight.


ILIAD. BEGINNING OF BOOK III.

Thus were both armies with their chiefs array'd.
 With noise and clangor, like a flight of birds,
 The Trojans onward march'd to meet the war:
 As when the clangor of innumerable cranes
 From heaven resounds, after their swift escape
 From winter, and th' intolerable storm;

They fly with clangor shrill to ocean's flood,
And milder regions, bearing on their wing
Slaughter and death to the Pygmæan race :
Aërial, in their flight, they fierce contention bring.
But in dread silence march'd th' Achæan host,
Breathing firm courage : and alike prepar'd
To vex the foe, their fellows to defend.
As when a breeze, fresh-springing from the south,
O'er mountain-tops hath pour'd a misty cloud,
Unfriendly to the swain that tends his flocks ;
To thieves more welcome than the shade of night ;
So from beneath their marching feet ascend,
Far as the nervous arm can send a stone,
Whirlwinds of dust, the prelude of the fight.

S I M I L E.

ILIAD, BOOK IV. BEGINNING LINE 274.



He spake: Atrides march'd with heart of joy,
And passing thro' the military ranks,
To either Ajax came, who both were arm'd;
To these a cloud of fighting foot succeed.
As when from prospects high the shepherd spies
A threat'ning cloud that, rising from the sea,
Rides on the zephyr's blast; which to his view,
Though yet remote, a pitchy darkness spreads
As it advances from the purple main.
He shudders as he sees the coming storm,
And into caves his wand'ring flocks compels.

THE REPLY OF GLAUCUS TO THE SPEECH OF DIOMED.

ILIAD. BOOK VI. BEGINNING LINE 145.

Why do'st thou, glorious Diomed, inquire
My generation ; since the race of men
Is as the leaves that hastily decay,
And strew, dispers'd by rapid winds, the ground :
Soon of young leaves another wood succeeds :
These spring and flourish in the vernal hours,
Such is man's generation, short and frail ;
This rises, and how soon the former ends !
But would'st thou learn, what multitudes can tell,
The story of my race : there is a town

Nam'd Ephyré, that in a creek retir'd
 Of Argos stands, the nurse of generous steeds ;
 There Sisyphus abode, of subtile arts ;
 Æolian Sisyphus was Glaucus' sire,
 And Glaucus' son, Bellerophon the just.
 Him, the propitious gods, with beauty crown'd
 And fortitude, which heroes might admire :
 Against him Prætus evil plots design'd,
 Invidious of superior excellence ;
 For him the fair Anteia, Prætus' queen,
 Cherish'd a flame, and with him wish'd to mix
 In love's embrace ; but could not thus persuade
 Bellerophon, on purer thoughts intent.
 Her love then turn'd to rage, and with false words
 Her royal consort thus the queen address'd :
 Or die, O Prætus, or this instant kill
 Bellerophon, who me unwilling sued
 To mix in love's embraces. At these words,
 Though the deluded prince with anger burn'd,
 His life he touch'd not, (for a fear divine
 Restrain'd him) but enjoin'd his hasty flight
 To Lycia's ample fields, and with him sent
 To the queen's father, who that region sway'd,

Letters of dire import and fraught with woe.
 But when with sacred auspices he came
 To flowing Zanthus, and the Lycian plains ;
 For nine succeeding days, the Lycian king
 Him entertain'd in hospitable sort,
 And honour'd like the gods ; when the tenth day
 Rose, usher'd by the rosy-finger'd morn,
 The monarch for the fatal tablets call'd ;
 These read, the hero first he gave in charge
 Th' invincible Chimæra to subdue,
 A monster horrible of heavenly birth,
 And not of mortal seed : a lion's face
 She bore, a dragon's tail ; the body seem'd
 A hairy goat, and from her dreadful mouth
 Issu'd the strength of all-devouring fire :
 Her, soon his valour tam'd, for he relied
 On kind presages sent him from above.
 Next with th' illustrious Solymi he fought,
 His fiercest fight with men as he declar'd.
 He conquer'd then the Amazonian dames,
 And from that victory returning, met
 Devices foul insidious to his life :
 For of stout Lycians, a selected band

Were sent against him, who to urge his fate
 In secret ambush lay; but none of these
 Safe to their native home return'd; for all
 The hand of just Bellerophon destroy'd.
 Now when such deeds of fame the prince perceiv'd,
 And his high lineage from the deathless gods,
 He kindly him detain'd; his daughter gave him
 To wife, and half the honours of his reign.
 Besides the Lycians gave a tract of land,
 Part cloth'd in woods of lovely shade, and part
 A fertile plain for him to plant and sow.
 Three children to Bellerophon she bore;
 Two sons, Isandrus and Hippolochus;
 One daughter fair, Laodamía call'd.
 Laodamía slept with Jove, and bore
 Sarpedon the divine, in armour bright.
 Heaven that gave all this good, now gave him ill;
 So chang'd his reason, that from social life
 Averse, and the frequented paths of men,
 He sadly wander'd o'er th' Aleian field,
 In soul-consuming grief wasting his days.
 His son Isadrus was in battle slain,
 While with th' illustrious Solymi he fought,

By Mars the god insatiable of war.
And the chaste goddess of the golden reins
With angry shafts the daughter's life destroy'd.
Hippolochus my father was; and I,
His only son to be myself, aver:
Who, sending me to Troy, this mandate gave;
Still to aspire to princely feats of war,
And all her sons in glory to excel;
Nor to disgrace my ancestors, the best
Of men in Lycia's wide-extended plains.
From such cœlestial race my birth I boast.
At these words, overjoy'd, Tydides struck.
His spear into the fruit-abundant earth,
And in kind speech to Glaucus thus reply'd.

I L I A D.

BEGINNING OF BOOK VII.

Illustrious Hector spake, and from the gates
Forth rush'd ; and with him Alexander went,
His brother ; both of an undaunted mind,
For combat, and for general fight, prepar'd.
As when, to weary longing mariners,
Indulgent Heaven hath sent a prosperous gale,
After the labour of their polish'd oars,
That plow the waves, their sinews hath dissolv'd ;
To longing Trojans, so these heroes twain
Present their welcome face.

S I M I L E.

ILIAD. BOOK XII. BEGINNING LINE 278.

As on a wintry day the snowy flakes
Fall numberless, when cloud-assembling Jove
In counsel wise, hath purpos'd to display
Heaven's armory to mortals: first he calms
The winds, then pours th' incessant show'r that veils
Each summit and the lofty mountain tops;
Spreads o'er the herby plains, and over all
The fruitful works of the laborious hind;
And on the havens falls, and on the shores
That bound the hoary deep; whose waves advancing,
Backward repel th' accumulating snows;
Yea all the face of nature from above
Wears one white vesture, when Jove's fleecy show'r
Frequent descends: so flew the missile stones
From Greeks to Trojans; from the Trojan race
Against the sons of Greece.

THE SPEECH OF POLYDAMAS TO HECTOR:


ILIAD. BOOK XIII. BEGINNING LINE 723.

And now the Trojans, from the ships and tents,
 Had miserably fled to Ilium's towers,
 But that Polydamas stood forth and spake,
 The daring spirit of Hector to restrain.
 O Hector, still untractable to hear
 Sage counsel! though to thee the pow'r supreme
 In military prowess gives to shine
 Above all others, wilt thou rival all
 In wisdom? But, believe me, thou alone
 To all perfection never canst attain.
 For God, dispensing wisely, gives to one
 In military prowess first to shine,
 He forms one genius to the pleasing dance,
 Another to the harp and tuneful song;

While in another's breast far-seeing Jove
 A mind of deep intelligence implants,
 Whose vast advantage multitudes enjoy :
 And oft hath such a man from ruin sav'd
 Whole cities ; for himself best understands
 Effects and cause, and how to reason thence.
 Now hear what most adviseable I deem.
 The battle's fiercest rage, as thou behold'st,
 Thee circles, and the martial rage of Troy.
 (Th' Achæan wall surpass'd) some on their arms
 Rest in dismay, while others bravely fight
 Scatter'd among the ships in parties weak,
 The few against the many : let's awhile
 Retire, and all the chiefs of war convene
 For purpose of deliberation fit,
 Whether at once to rush amid the host
 Of Greeks, and fire their oar-instructed fleet,
 (If God vouchsafe us victory) or rather
 Retreating from the ships escape unharm'd :
 For much I fear the Greeks will this day pay
 The debt they ow'd us : present is the man
 Insatiable of war, their navy's guard,
 Who ne'er, I know, the conflict will decline.

S I M I L E.

ILLIAD. BOOK XV. BEGINNING LINE 263.



Like as a wanton steed with barley fed,
Hating the bands that hold him to the stall,
Breaks loose, and thunders o'er the trembling ground;
His frequent pleasure is in crystal streams
His shining limbs to lave; aloft the head
He rears exulting, round his shoulders flies
The flowing mane; and of his glory proud,
Swiftly the vigour of his nerves him bears
To his accustom'd haunts and pastures green.

S I M I L E.

ILIAD. BOOK XVI. BEGINNING LINE 384.

Like as a whirlwind, in autumnal days,
 On the black earth incumbent, sweeps its way,
 What time great Jove, empties the swelling clouds
 In streaming show'rs, whom sinful men provoke ;
 Such as in courts of judgment sentence give
 Unequal, and from her majestic seat
 Justice dethrone, regardless of the gods :
 For this the rivers o'er their borders flow,
 Vast torrents wear away the vales, and roll
 With noisy rage into the purple main,
 From off the heights of mountains; and impair
 The works and promis'd harvests of the swain.

S I M I L E.

EUPHORBUS SLAIN.

ILIAD. BOOK XVII. BEGINNING LINE 53.

As when a peasant hath, with fostering care,
 Rear'd a young olive in some spot retir'd,
 Water'd by running streams; the branches spread
 A fair and verdant shade, and oft they wave,
 Toss'd by the motion of uncertain winds,
 And their white blossoms round about unfold:
 But when some whirlwind's fury this fair plant
 Hath ravish'd from the soil; on the bare ground
 She fades extended, and her beauty dies.

ILIAD. BOOK XVIII. BEGINNING LINE 551.

As when heaven's lights round the resplendent moon,
 Through liquid fields of ether dart their beams,
 High prospects glitter and the mountain heads
 Shine, and the humble vales; when from above
 The bursting glories wide illumine the skies,
 And all the stars in radiant pomp are seen,
 The swain with silent joy the scene surveys.

THE SPEECH OF ACHILLES

Over the body of Asteropæus, whom he had just slain.

ILIAD. BOOK XXI. BEGINNING LINE 184.

There rest, and learn thy far unequal pow'rs:
 The sons to combat of majestic Jove,
 Descended as thou wert from streams divine:
 Thou sayst a widely flowing river gave
 Thee birth; but mine from heaven's high King I boast..
 Peleus, my sire, whose awful sceptre sway'd
 The many myrmidons, from Æacus
 Deriv'd his race, and Æacus from Jove.
 But Jove is mightier than the headlong floods
 That rush with noisy rage to meet the sea;
 Nor can with his, their progeny compare.
 Great is thy river sire; but that will nought
 Avail thee, fighting with Saturnian Jove..

For neither the great Acheloian king,
Omnipotence itself, can equalize ;
Nor the vast strength of the resounding main,
From whence the rivers rise and every sea,
All the deep wells, and all the fountains flow ;
And yet that ocean fears the bolt of Jove,
On realms inferior, when his lifted hand
Sends terror from the heavens in thunders loud.

I L I A D.

BOOK IX.

THUS watch'd the Trojans : but inglorious flight,
Cold fear's associate, sent by heavenly powers,
Th' Achæan host subdu'd : smit were their chiefs
With grief intolerable and dismay.
As when two winds from Thracian tracts that blow,
Boreas and Zephyrus, together sweep
With swift invasion the fish-peopled main ;
Up from the bottom roll the purple waves,
And floating sea-weed overspreads the shore :
So were tumultuous thoughts in Grecian breasts
Divided, and so toss'd : but chief the soul
Of great Atrides felt a weight of woe :
Who to the shrill-voic'd heralds gave command
A general council to convoke of Greeks,
But without noise ; himself in labour first.
Silent and sad th' assembly sat ; at length

Rose Agamemnon venting sighs profound ;
 Tears flowing, as when some perennial spring
 Down steepy rocks its sable waters pours :
 He then the congregated Greeks address'd :
 Friends, rulers, princes of the Achæan state,
 Great harm I suffer from Saturnian Jove ;
 Who me by promises confirm'd that Troy
 Should by my valour fall ; myself return
 Safe home : but lo ! the god's pernicious arts
 Compel my flight to Argos in disgrace,
 With loss of armies on the fighting plain.
 Such is the will of Jove ; who the proud heads
 Of stately cities oft hath overturn'd,
 And yet will overturn ; so vast his power.
 But come, and as I counsel, all obey :
 Let us return to our sweet native home ;
 For Troy's strong ramparts we shall ne'er destroy.
 He spake, when long in mournful silence sat,
 At these disheart'ning words, Achaia's sons.
 At length the brave Tydides thus replied :
 I must, Atrides, for I count it just,
 Thy want of wisdom dare to reprehend.
 Nor thou resent the freedom of my words ;

For thou, before the Greeks, didst late reproach me
 As without fortitude, and call me weak,
 Unmeet for war : this all our people know,
 As well the young as those advanc'd in days.
 Is all perfection thine ? such thoughts were vain :
 Thee, but in part, Saturnian Jove endow'd ;
 Thee, the prime honours of the sceptre, gave ;
 But gave not fortitude's superior power.
 And dost thou think, unhappy man, the Greeks
 Weak as thou sayst, and impotent of war ?
 If thine the resolution be to fly,
 Then go : the seas an open way present ;
 Thy numerous vessels near the shore await,
 That from Mycene follow'd thee to Troy !
 But let the rest of Argive heroes stay
 To work Troy's devastation : or if these
 Fly with thee to their sweet paternal soil ;
 Then we, myself and Sthenelus, will fight
 Till Ilium's fall we see ; who hither came
 With prosperous omens and approving gods.
 He spake, and all th' assembled sons of Greece,
 Answ'ring with loud acclaim, the manly speech
 Of steed-commanding Diomed, admir'd.

Gerenian Nestor then arose and spake:
Tydides brave, in works of war supreme,
And in sage counsel passing all thy peers,
Words so discreet let none arraign ; yet thou
Hast not the summit reach'd of this high theme :
For thou art young, and if we number years
Mayst well the youngest of my sons appear:
Yet hast thou spoken with due reverence,
In decent language, of our sceptred kings.
But hear me speak who boast a length of days:
I shall the matter sift, and none my words,
No not king Agamemnon, shall reprove.
Without all kindred, without friends or home,
Abandon'd of all justice is the man,
That can delight in dire intestine war.
But let us now the shade of night obey,
Adorn the supper, and a watch dispose
Without the wall, beside the fosse profound.
This to the youth : but Agamemnon thou,
The princeliest of us all, must lead the way :
With a rich feast the nobles entertain ;
For this becomes thee, or not misbecomes :
With wines thy tents abound, hither convey'd

In ships along the wide-extended sea :
 All these thy regal power may well command.
 Thou then the Greeks assembling, him shalt hear
 Who the best counsel offers ; for, of best
 And wisest, great the need : for near our ships
 The daring foes have lighted numerous fires :
 Who can in prospects such as these delight ?
 This night our host will ruin or save.
 He spake ; they heard him willing, and obey'd :
 Forth rush'd in arms the captains of the guard.
 Nestorean Thrasymedes first advanc'd,
 His people's shepherd, and Ascalaphus,
 With him Ialmenus, both sons of war,
 And then Meriones and Aphareus,
 Deïpyrus and godlike Lycomed,
 The son of Creon : seven the leaders were,
 And each, a hundred youths grasping long spears,
 Commanded, and betwixt the moat and wall
 Their stations fix'd : then lighting numerous fires,
 Each was industrious to prepare the feast :
 Atrides too the thronging nobles led
 Into his tent, rich banquets to partake.
 But soon as nature's appetite with meats

Was gratified, the venerable sage,
 Nestor, arose, new counsels to unfold,
 Author before of best advice ; and thus,
 Of public safety provident, he spake :
 Atrides, glorious king of men, in thee
 Shall end my counsels and from thee begin :
 Thee multitudes obey, whom Jove supreme
 The ruling sceptre and wise statutes gave,
 For preservation of the public weal :
 Therefore be thou the foremost to propound
 Thy sentence, or another's hear, whose mind
 Impels him to best counsel ; as I now
 Shall mine disclose ; perhaps a better none :
 And 'tis the same that I have e'er maintain'd
 Since that unhappy day when the fair maid
 Briseis, thou illustrious from the tent
 Of vex'd Achilles didst by force convey,
 Though not with our approvance ; for I thee
 Much labour'd to dissuade ; but thou, to pride
 Obsequious, hast the bravest man disgrac'd
 Of Greeks, and honour'd by th' immortals most ;
 And now the prize unfairly seiz'd is thine.
 But let us, if 'tis possible, incline

His unrelenting mind to terms of peace,
 With reconciling gifts and lenient words.
 To whom king Agamemnon thus replied :
 Reverend old man, thou hast not falsely told
 My errors, which I not deny, but own
 Myself offender, and not well aware,
 That more than many warriors is the man
 Whom Jove loves in his heart and honours most.
 Thus hath he grac'd Achilles, and oppress'd
 The Grecian host; but since I thus have err'd,
 Yielding to hurtful motions of the soul,
 Now all my wishes are to reconcile
 With presents infinite his injur'd mind.
 And what gifts I shall offer hear me name.
 Seven tripods yet untarnish'd by the fire ;
 Of gold ten talents ; twenty cauldrons bright ;
 Twelve horses firm of nerves, whose flying feet
 Have borne from others the victorious palm :
 None can be poor with treasure thus endow'd,
 Nor indigent of gold and hope of more,
 When such fleet coursers for the prize contend.
 And I, besides, seven lovely Lesbian maids,
 Will give, the fairest of the female kind,

Skill'd in the housewife's arts, and add to these
 Brisëis; and a solemn oath I swear
 I ne'er her bed ascended nor defil'd;
 All these he shall possess: and if the gods
 Great Priam's city grant us to destroy,
 With gold and brass abundant let him lade
 His ship, the foremost to divide the spoil;
 And for himself chuse twenty Trojan dames,
 Which, next to Helen, shine in beauty's pride.,
 But soon as we to Argos' fertile soil
 Return in safety, he then, if he please,
 In law my son shall be, and like my son
 Orestes honour'd, and like him regal'd
 With choicest delicates; for in my house
 Three youthful daughters dwell, Chrysothemis,
 Iphianassa and Laodice.
 Of these, the most admir'd, he shall take home:
 Nor jointure I demand; but a rich dower
 Will give her, such as parent never gave.
 Seven stately cities too shall call him lord;
 Cardamyle by name, and Enope,
 And verdant Hira, Pheræ all divine,
 Rocky Anthæa with Æpea fair,

And Pedasus proud of her purple vines.
 All these beside the sea of sandy Pyle
 Are seated; whose inhabitants are men
 Plenteous in flocks and herds, and who with gifts
 Will treat him as a god, and underneath
 His sceptre keep the laws, and tribute pay.
 All this I promise, and will all perform
 To Peleus' son desisting from his ire.
 Then let him yield (for Pluto is alone
 Of all the gods inexorable, and thence,
 Hateful to all the race of human kind).
 He should give place to me the princelier man,
 And who before him boast a length of days.
 To him Gerenian Nestor thus rejoin'd;
 O Atreus' son, illustrious king of men,
 Such are thy gifts as no man should disdain;
 But let us chuse apt delegates, and urge
 Their swift departure to Pelides' tent,
 And as their names I call let all obey.
 Favour'd of Jove, let Phœnix first advance,
 And then great Ajax and Ulysses sage,
 The heralds Hodius and Eurybates.
 Follow the rest: your hands pure water bring;

Let universal silence reign, that we
 May to Saturnian Jove our prayers prefer,
 If he may pity our forlorn estate.
 He spake: his sentence all the Greeks approve.
 Straitways the heralds water o'er their hands
 Pour'd, and with wine the young attendants fill'd
 The bowl, and thence divided each his draught.
 Libation due perform'd, and nature's thirst
 Full satisfied, to Agamemnon's tent
 They hasten; when Gerenian Nestor gave,
 To each, injunction strict; and as he spake,
 His looks and gestures added power to words.
 But his instructions to Laertes' son
 Had reference, in chief, how to assuage
 Noble Achilles' long-rememb'ring ire.
 So on they walk'd along the sandy shore
 Of the resounding main; and many vows
 To land-encircling Neptune made, that he
 Might calm th' incensed mind of Peleus' son.
 Reaching the tent of Myrmidons, they found
 Divine Achilles solacing his woes
 With dulcet sounds of the melodious harp;
 This was of Dædalean art, it's top

Adorn'd with silver bands; and which he seiz'd,
 Then when he storm'd Eëtion's city, as part
 Of the rich spoil; in this his soul delighting,
 With shifting fingers the responsive lyre
 He touch'd, and sung of heroes and of war.
 While on the other side Patroclus sat,
 In still expectance when the song should end.
 The visitants now near, and at their head
 Godlike Ulysses in his presence stood:
 Achilles, as with wonder struck, arose,
 Bearing with him the harp, and left the seat
 Which late he press'd: Patroclus paid them like
 Observance, when the heroes first he view'd.
 To whom Achilles in kind language spake:
 Hail friends belov'd, whatever high concern
 Compels this errand, you of all the Greeks
 To me, though vex'd with injuries, are dear.
 So spake Æacides, and led them on,
 And plac'd on seats with purple coverings spread.
 He then Patroclus, standing near, bespoke:
 Fill the more liberal bowl, Menétius' son,
 With generous juice, dispensing each his cup;
 For thou beneath this canopy behold'st

The flower of Greece and of my Grecian friends.
 He spake; Patroclus his lov'd friend obey'd:
 Then on the flaming fire a vessel set
 Fraught with the chine of a fat sheep and goat,
 And the rich shoulder of a pamper'd boar.
 The blood boil'd out; Automedon presents
 These to Achilles, who with skilful art
 In equal portions all the flesh divides
 And fixes on the spits: while a fierce fire
 Patroclus rais'd: and when the smoky flame
 Expir'd, o'er smooth-rak'd cinders plac'd the spits.
 He then the flesh with sacred salt aspers'd,
 And when full roasted pour'd on dresser-boards:
 Next he took bread, and in fair canisters
 Dealt round the table: but Achilles' self,
 Carving, distributed the meat; and sat
 Facing divine Ulysses; and commanded
 Patroclus to the gods to sacrifice:
 He the first sacred piece cast in the fire.
 This done, the visitants the feast partake:
 But when with drinks and meats nature's desire
 Was gratified, Phœnix to Ajax gave
 The word; Ulysses caught it, and with wine

Crowning his cup, thus to Achilles spake :
 All hail Achilles, we no dainty meats
 Want, or in Agamemnon's tents, or here
 Where plenty riots ; but the present hour
 Is not the season of convivial joy.
 Already, princely hero, we have seen
 Sad devastation in our troops, and fear
 The ruin of our oar-instructed fleet ;
 Doubtful if sav'd, unless, great Thetis' son,
 Thou put on fortitude, and prove thy power :
 For the bold Trojans near the ships and wall
 Have plac'd their tents, while their auxiliar bands
 Are lighting numerous fires ; and, as they breathe
 Destruction to the winged fleet, declare
 Nought shall the progress of their arms withstand.
 Jove too, his lightning, on the prosperous side,
 Sends them ; and Hector, of his valour proud,
 Rages tremendous, confident in Jove,
 And mindless of the rest of gods and men :
 Impatient are his longings to behold
 The next returning morn's celestial light ;
 For then he boasts he shall our gallant ships
 Dismantle, and with ardent fire consume ;

And slay the Greeks confounded in the smoke.
 At this I tremble ; lest his menacings
 The gods fulfil, and seal our fatal day
 To fall in battle near the Trojan towers,
 Remote from Argos, the fam'd nurse of steeds.
 Rise then, though late, and from the tumult save,
 Of conquering Trojans, the brave sons of Greece.
 How wilt thou grieve if, this occasion lost,
 All remedy denies ? Then seize the time,
 And lend thy powerful succour to repel,
 From perturbed Greeks, this evil day.
 O friend, remember how thy parent gave
 Thee salutary precepts in that day,
 To Agamemnon, when he sent thee first :
 My son, thy courage and thy martial might,
 Pallas and Jove's high consort, shall supply,
 If such their pleasure ; but be thine the care
 To rein that lofty spirit within thy breast,
 For gentleness of soul is better far ;
 And from contention cease that works much woe :
 So thee, the various ranks of generous Greeks
 (As well the young as those advanc'd in days)
 Shall honour as a king, and as a god revere.

So counsell'd thy good father's hoary years ;
 But thou forget'st : though late, at length refrain—
 From tort'ring grief, and think what splendid gifts
 King Agamemnon to thy choice presents,
 Thee but renouncing thy pernicious ire.
 Hear, and in order I shall all recount
 The proffer'd store in Agamemnon's tent.
 Seven Tripods yet untarnished by the fire ;
 Of gold ten talents ; twenty cauldrons bright ;
 Twelve horses firm of nerves, whose flying feet
 Have borne from others the victorious palm :
 None can be poor with treasures thus endow'd,
 Or indigent of gold and hope of more,
 When such fleet coursers for the prize contend.
 And he, besides, seven lovely Lesbian maids
 Will give ; the fairest of the female kind,
 Skill'd in the housewife's arts ; and add to these,
 Briseis, and a solemn oath he swears
 He ne'er her bed ascended nor defil'd.
 All these thou shalt possess : and if the gods
 Great Priam's city grant us to destroy,
 With gold and brass abundant thou shalt lade
 Thy ship, the foremost to divide the spoil ;

And for thyself chuse twenty Trojan dames,
 Which, next to Helen, shine in beauty's pride.
 But soon as we to Argos' fertile soil
 Return in safety, thou in law shalt be
 His son, if thou consent ; and like his son
 Orestes honour'd, and like him, regal'd
 With choicest delicates : for in his house
 Three youthful daughters dwell, Chrysothemis
 Iphicnassa and Laodice.
 Of these the best belov'd thou shalt lead home :
 Nor jointure he requires ; but a rich dower
 Will give her, such as parent never gave.
 Seven stately cities too shall call thee lord ;
 Cardamyle by name, and Enope,
 And verdant Hira, Pheræ all divine,
 Rocky Anthæa, with Æpea fair,
 And Pedasus proud of her purple vines.
 All these beside the sea of sandy Pyle
 Are seated, whose inhabitants are men
 In flocks and herds abounding ; that with gifts
 Will treat thee as a god, and underneath
 Thy sceptre keep the laws, and tribute pay.
 All this he promises, and will perform

To thee, desisting from pernicious ire.
 But should, still more, thy soul, Atrides, hate
 And scorn his offers, let the rest of Greeks
 Thy pity and thy kind assistance claim :
 For thee they never injur'd, but desire
 To honour as a god with rich rewards ;
 And hence immortal glory thou shalt gain.
 Hector shall fall beneath thy conquering arm,
 Urg'd by mad courage, in the fighting field
 With thee to combat ; whom to meet is fate.
 Even now he vaunts that of th' Achæans none
 In warlike puissance with him compares.
 To him Achilles answer'd, and thus spoke :
 Ulysses sage, Laertes godlike son !
 Me, to thy arguments, it best befits
 Clear answer, and an open, to return,
 In words of truth that shall accomplish'd stand
 (Lest you persist assailing still mine ears
 With vain persuasions urg'd on every side).
 To me for, hateful as the gates of hell,
 The man that one thing in his bosom hides,
 And speaks another. Now my best resolves.
 My tongue shall tell, and open all my soul.

This is my sense, that neither Atreus' son,
 Great Agamemnon, no, nor other Greeks,
 Shall tempt me back to war ; which he that wag'd
 Always continually employ'd in arms,
 No grace or favour for himself obtain'd.
 They that ignobly rest or bravely fight,
 Share the same fate ; and the same honour waits
 The base and good, the coward and the bold ;
 The man of action and of indolence
 To one impartial destiny resign.
 What rests me then to do ; since I have borne
 Such heartfelt pangs ; exposing still my life
 To all the changes of destroying war ?
 And as the fondness of the mother-bird
 Spreads o'er her brood the solace of her wings,
 And feeds with viands meet, which she hath first
 Far wand'ring found ; while she herself, sustains
 A weary life of hunger, toil and care :
 So have I many sleepless nights endur'd,
 And fought thro' many blood-impurpled days
 With men contending for their partners dear :
 Fighting by sea, twelve cities I laid waste,
 Eleven, on foot, near Ilium's fertile field :

Many and precious were the spoils I bore,
 All which to Agamemnon I resign'd.
 He, resting with the winged fleet, of these
 A few divided, but the most retain'd.
 Yet what the princes of the people shar'd
 He ratify'd ; but me, of all the Greeks,
 Despoil'd of mine : a lovely wife he gain'd ;
 Let him delight himself with her ; but why
 Should Greeks with Trojans hateful war prolong ?
 Why should Atrides call his armies forth ?
 All this for Helen's beauty and tresses fair ?
 Do none but Atreus' sons their wives affect ?
 Whoso deserves the name of good and wise
 Loves his own wife and cherishes, as I
 Briseis, though a captive, have desir'd.
 But, since the lovely meed of all my toils
 Is torn from me, no more the king of men
 Shall me persuade, nor more than once deceive.
 But, O Ulysses, let him thee consult
 And other chiefs of war, how best he may
 From Argive ships, the hostile flames defend.
 The King, without me, various works design'd ;
 A wall erected and a fosse impal'd,

Made wide and deep ; but will not thus repel
 Hectorean rage : yet Hector, while I fought,
 Dar'd not the battle shift from Trojan walls,
 But waited for me, his chief combatant,
 Fast by the Scæan gate and beechen shade,
 Near his own towers : yet scarcely thus escap'd
 The whirlwind of my chace. But since no more
 I mean with princely Hector to contend,
 To-morrow I shall sacrifice to Jove
 And all the gods ; and thou, at early dawn,
 If such thy choice, my laden fleet, shalt see,
 Unfold their white sails on the Hellespont,
 And view the labour of their polish'd oars.
 But if great Neptune speed my wat'ry way,
 After three days at Plithia's fertile glebe
 I shall arrive, where I much treasure left,
 When here I landed first, in evil hour.
 Yet I shall other gold and brass from hence,
 And beauteous captives, and resplendent steel,
 Take with me, my just right ; as was the prize
 Which contumeliously Atrides seiz'd.
 Tell him all this, and publicly relate,
 That other Greeks (if he should these beguile)

May at such violence indignant spurn.
 Cloth'd as he is, with impudence unmatch'd,
 His courage dares not meet me, to the face.
 With me no counsels nor heroic deeds
 Shall he participate : me, thus offended
 And thus deceiv'd, he shall deceive no more.
 Enough of this : let him to ruin go
 Whom of all mind and sense the gods have 'reft.
 I hate his offer'd gifts, and all reject,
 And him I honour as a thing of nought.
 And should he ten times as much treasure give,
 And twenty times as much as he propos'd,
 Or elsewhere can procure ; and add to these
 What rich Orchomenus affords, and what
 Ægyptian Thebes, that in her domes conceals
 Treasures immense, and boasts her hundred gates ;
 Whose every portal pours into the field
 Two hundred warriors, chariots and swift horse ;
 Nay, were it in his power and will to give
 Riches as countless as the sand and dust,
 My anger should not thus be pacified,
 Until he rue my soul-transfixing grief :
 Nor will I Agamemnon's daughter wed,

Though she, with golden Venus in each grace,
 In cunning workmanship with Pallas, vie.
 Let him some other of th' Achæans chuse
 That better suits, and of more princely power ;
 For if the gods in safety bring me home,
 Peleus himself a wife will me provide :
 For there are many Grecian dames, and all
 Daughters of nobles who great cities rule ;
 And, which I please, my fancy shall select.
 This is the purpose of my liberal soul ;
 In sweet contentment, with a lawful spouse
 To lead the remnant of my days, and share
 That ample fortune which my sire commands.
 For with man's precious life nought worthy seems
 To be compar'd ; not those possessions rare
 Which, as fame tells us, Troys well-peopled town
 Enjoy'd in favourable times of peace ;
 E'er Greece her fleets to Dardan shores applied.
 No, nor that wealthy store that in the fane
 Of great Apollo, the far shooting King,
 In rocky Pytha's city, hoarded lies.
 The loss of fleecy flocks may be supplied ;
 Retrievable the loss of lowing herds,

And Tripods and the saffron-colour'd heads
 Of steeds ; but never the dislodging soul
 Returns, the body to reanimate ;
 Nor after it hath once, with our last breath,
 Pass'd the mouth's ivory gate, can be recall'd.
 Thetis, the ocean's silver-footed queen,
 My mother, my two fates to me unveil'd,
 Which variously to death's conclusion lead ;
 If here I stay, the bulwark of the war,
 Then to my native soil my wish'd return
 Is lost, but glory unfading me remains :
 If I to my sweet native home return,
 Then all my glory's lost ; but I shall save
 My life from swift destruction, nor so soon
 Shall death's conclusion overtake my days.
 And I, to you and to the rest of Greeks,
 A homeward voyage wish to recommend.
 For ye the sad catastrophe in vain
 Expect of Troy, which lofty-thundering Jove
 Protects with his right arm : its people hence
 Proud hopes assume. But hasten to the chiefs
 And this advice (the legates duty) bear ;
 That they new counsels in their prudent breasts

May meditate ; since their projected plan,
 Form'd on supposal that I now renounce .
 My anger, scarce is likely to take end.
 But here let Phœnix rest, and in the morn
 To follow me to my sweet home prepare,
 If such his pleasure ; for I not compel.
 He spake, when all with silent wonder heard
 His awful words (so sternly he denied) :
 At length the steed-commanding Phœnix spoke
 In tears, and trembling for th' Achæan fleet,
 If thou, divine Achilles, hast decreed
 Home to return, and never to defend
 Fire's rapid ruin from the winged fleet ;
 So resolute thy wrath ; shall I remain
 Behind, sole and forlorn ? thee, to my care,
 Peleus thy father trusted, in that day
 To Agamemnon, when he sent thee first
 From fruitful Pthia ; thee, a child unskill'd
 In war and elocution's winning power,
 By which men flourish and immortal grow.
 'Therefore he sent me, and this charge assign'd
 In all things to instruct thee ; how to speak
 With grace and energy, and how attain

The higher merit of heroic deeds.
 And now, dear son, I should unwilling stay,
 Though God should promise to reverse my years;
 And give to repossess my youthful days,
 Such as I was when Hellas first I left,
 The land of female beauty, to avoid
 The chidings of Orinenides, my sire,
 Against me incens'd ; a concubine the cause,
 For whom he pin'd in love, and scorn'd his wife,
 My mother ; who with prayer importunate
 Grasping my knees, entreated me to court
 This concubine, and from a faithless man
 To alienate her love : I straight obey'd.
 My jealous father then, with curses dire
 'Gainst me invok'd the furies to this end ;
 That I might never fondle on my knees
 A son belov'd : his imprecating prayer
 Was heard and answer'd by the gloomy powers,
 Infernal Jove and awful Proserpine.
 And now, no more I could myself persuade
 In my incensed father's house to dwell,
 Though my familiars and my kindred all,
 Besieging me with prayers, conjur'd my stay :

Many fat sheep, and oxen of black hue,
 They sacrific'd ; and many pamper'd boars,
 Extended over Vulcan's flame, distill'd
 Fat odours : many casks of racy wine
 They drank ; and were for nine succeeding nights
 My near companions, round me keeping watch
 Alternate, and with unextinguish'd lamps ;
 One on the hall's well-guarded portico,
 One by the threshold of the chamber-doors.
 But when the shade of the tenth night arriv'd,
 Then through the doors I forc'd my fenced way,
 And through the hall's partition fled, with ease
 'Scaping the watchmen and the serving-maids.
 Through spacious Greece I then prolong'd my flight
 To fertile Phthia, the fam'd nurse of flocks,
 To Peleus' king, who gladly me receiv'd,
 And lov'd me as a father loves his son,
 His dear his only son ; and me enrich'd
 With large possessions, and much people gave.
 I then in Phthia's utmost borders dwelt,
 Where the Dolopians own'd my sov'reign sway.
 And I no less, divine Achilles, priz'd
 And lov'd thee from my soul : for with none other

Wouldst thou to banquets, nor taste their meats,
 Unless I plac'd thee on my knees, and fed
 With viands first into small portions cut ;
 And wine administer'd with which thou oft,
 Digestion overpower'd, my bosom stain'd
 And vesture, in those weak and childish days,
 Which ask attention and our tenderest care :
 Thus for thy sake I many pains endur'd,
 And many labours ; to this end, that I
 (Since me the gods a progeny denied)
 Thee, godlike hero, might adopt my son,
 The guardian of mine age ; from harms to shield
 My person, and repel the fatal day.
 Oh ! then, Achilles, moderate thy rage ;
 Valour with cruelty but ill comports.
 Even the great gods are placable, who thee,
 In power and majesty and glory, excel ;
 And yet, with gifts and supplications bland,
 And incense and sweet odours, we disarm
 The wrath divine when erring man offends.
 For prayers are daughters of almighty Jove,
 With feet that halt and eyes that look askance ;
 And mischiefs goddess, Atè, still pursue :

But Atè, swifter-footed is by far,
 And antecedes them all, and to man's race
 Breeds numerous harms which sacred prayers repair.
 Who then these daughters venerates of Jove,
 Him they assist and prosper his desires ;
 But who resists them and their power contemns,
 Against him, they Saturnian Jove persuade
 To send swift mischief to revenge the wrong.
 Render, Achilles, then the rev'rence due
 To Jove's own daughters, whom good men obey.
 Had not Atrides offer'd liberal gifts
 And promis'd more, but still resentful pride
 Maintain'd; I should not counsel thee to lend
 To miserable Greeks the long'd-for aid :
 But since he offers many gifts, and more
 In future promises; and hither sent
 The choicest of Achaia's sons, by thee
 Best lov'd, best loving thee ; regard their prayers
 And embassy. Not to resent thy wrongs,
 But slight such kind entreaties, is thy crime.
 Old times reviewing, if we contemplate
 Great heroes and their greatest praise, we learn
 When furious anger vex'd their minds, that they

By gifts were pacified and soothing words.
 Example of this kind to mind I call,
 Ancient the fact and not of later date:
 And ye my friends the story thus receive.
 Once the Curetes and Ætolians stout
 About the city Calydon maintain'd
 Contentious war; while the Curetes strove
 To sack the town, th' Ætolians to defend.
 On them this mischief golden Cynthia brought,
 Incens'd that Æneus of his first-fruits none
 To her had sacrific'd; while other Gods
 Banquets enjoy'd of sacred hecatombs:
 But to the daughter of great Jove alone
 He no oblation brought; or by neglect
 Or by forgetfulness, uncertain which.
 The heavenly huntress, at this slight provok'd,
 Rous'd from his grassy couch a thund'ring boar
 That spoil'd his gardens, and with side-long rage
 O'erturn'd his forests by the roots upturn.
 Him, Æneus' son brave Meleager, slew;
 Who from the neighbour-cities, many men
 Assembled with their dogs; for not a few
 Could tame a beast of such terrific form;

And who already many combatants
 Had made to mount the mournful funeral pyre:
 And then the goddess, rough debate and strife
 For the boar's head and for his bristly skin
 'Twixt the Curetes and Ætolians, mov'd.
 As long as warlike Meleager fought,
 So long were the Curetes hard bestead,
 Nor durst advance the battle to the walls.
 But when with anger fir'd (for anger may
 Even the bosoms of the wise invade),
 Then, with Althœa his own mother, vex'd,
 Alone he liv'd with Cleopatra fair
 His lovely spouse (she was Marpissa's daughter
 By Idas bravest of the warring race,
 Who dar'd with Phœbus at the bow contend;
 A beauteous nymph the cause; by her own house
 Alcyone surnam'd, because the mother
 Her hapless fate lamented, whom the god,
 Shooting from far, by violence enjoy'd):
 With her he slept, revolving in his mind
 Unquiet wrath because his mother's curse
 Pursued him in her oft repeated pray'rs:
 Who, smiting with her hands the foodful earth

To call down vengeance for a brother slain,
 Pluto invok'd and awful Proserpine;
 On bended knees, her bosom bath'd in tears,
 To death's grim pow'r to give her hated son.
 Nor did Erynnis, traversing the shade
 Of Erebus, not hear her suppliant voice.
 Meanwhile, tumultuous noise and fierce uproar
 Resounded from the gates of Calydon,
 And from her batter'd towns: him then entreated
 The princes of th' Ætolian state, and sent
 Their sacred priests, that both might him recall
 To battle and the succour of his friends;
 Tend'ring a rich reward; that in the soil
 Round that fair city he a field might chuse
 Of acres fifty; half with vines array'd,
 And half a verdant unimplanted plain.
 Much too his sire old Æneus him implor'd,
 In humble guise mounting his lofty bed;
 Much his lov'd sisters intercede, and more
 His venerable mother; but the more
 He still refus'd: much his companions plead
 Best loving; best belov'd; but none of these
 Could bend his stubborn will to their defence.

And now the bed itself on which he lay
 Was felt to tremble, and the Curetes scal'd
 The walls and 'gan to fire the frighted town.
 Then Meleager's beauteous wife impierc'd
 His ear with loud laments, and represented
 To his fancy's eye the image of a town
 Storm'd by the foe ; the scene of slaughter'd men :
 Children and lovely women dragg'd away
 From instant fate and the pursuing sword.
 The prospect of such miseries inclin'd
 His mind to pity ; and then forth he came
 In terribly refulgent armour clad,
 And from th' Ætolians chas'd this evil day ;
 Temp'ring his wrath : and though they ne'er perform'd
 Their plighted words, yet never he the less
 These ills averted. But I now advise
 For thee more honourable terms ; the gifts
 First to receive, and then the ships defend :
 Thus shall the Greeks thee, as a god, revere.
 But to return to the wide-wasting war
 Without reward, thy glory would distain..
 To whom, Achilles swift in foot, reply'd :
 Phoenix divine, of rev'rend years, I none

Such honour need ; my honour is from Jove.
 Who me, I trow, shall at the fleet retain,
 Long as the vital spirit informs my breast,
 And life and strength inform my precious limbs.
 But one thing mind which I to thee declare ;
 Fret not my heart with unavailing grief,
 Pleasing Atrides, for it ill becomes
 Thee to love him ; lest thou should'st prove the foe
 Of him that loves thee : rather be thy wish
 The man to injure that hath injur'd me :
 So shalt thou share the riches of my reign.
 Leave these t' announce this message ; and thou rest
 Here on my downy bed ; and at return
 Of morning, whether we should homeward go,
 Let us debate, or whether here abide.
 He spake ; and to Patroclus gave the nod
 An easy bed for Phœnix to prepare,
 And hasten thus his friend's departing steps.
 Then Telamonian Ajax thus began :
 Laertes' godlike son, Ulysses sage,
 Let us away : for of this embassy
 To hope the prosperous success were vain.
 Nought rests, but speedily these words to bear

(Ungrateful though the message) to the Greeks.
 Oh ! what a heart of steel within his breast
 Achilles cherisheth ; what ire, what pride ?
 Cruel, his dearest friends not with regard
 T' entreat and his companions ; who to him
 Gave high precedence at the sable fleet.
 Unmerciful ! And yet a man atones
 Even for a brother slain, yea for a son ;
 And in the city thence lives unreproach'd,
 'Cause the rich ransom of lost life is paid :
 Which, who receives is pleas'd, and satisfied
 By that atonement : in thy breast, the Gods
 Have plac'd a savage unforgiving heart,
 All for one maid : when in her place seven more,
 Each passing fair, thy kind acceptance wait ;
 With offers many more : thou then thy mind
 To thoughts of gentleness and peace dispose ;
 And thy own roof revere, beneath whose shade
 Now sit thy dearest, choicest Argive friends.
 Him, swift Achilles answer'd, and thus spake :
 Great son of Telamon, prince of our hosts,
 Methinks thy words flow from a soul sincere :
 But my heart swells with rage ; and all my veins,

Rising, rebel against my wiser thoughts;
 As oft as I record that contumely
 Atrides offer'd in the face of Greece
 To me, thus render'd vile ev'n as a stranger;
 A slave, and not a meritorious friend.
 Then go; this embassy declare: no more
 The bloody business of consuming war
 Shall be my care; 'till warlike Priam's son,
 Hector divine, the tents of myrmidons
 Assaulting and their fleet, shall slay the Greeks,
 And fire's swift ruin to our sails convey;
 But should he dare too near my tent and ship,
 I think my valour shall his fury stay.
 He spake; when each, taking by turns the cup,
 Sacred libations pour'd, and then again
 Went to the fleet: Ulysses led the way.
 Meanwhile Patroclus charg'd th' attendant maids
 An easy bed for Phœnix to prepare;
 And they prepar'd the bed as he requir'd
 With woolly-coverings spread and fine wrought line:
 There he reclin'd his aged head, and waited
 For the returning morn's celestial light.
 But in a tent which curious art display'd

Achilles, with fair Diomeda, slept,
 Daughter of Phorbas: her he brought away
 From Lesbos, when that city he disarm'd:
 And in a another part Patroclus lay,
 And Iphes the companion of his rest:
 Achilles gave him this fair captive when
 He conquer'd Scyros and her lofty towers.
 When to Atrides tents the legates came,
 Achaia's sons, each rising from his seat,
 With golden cups receiv'd them, and requir'd
 The tidings; but great Agamemnon first,
 'The king of men, with eager haste began:
 Ulysses say, thy nation's matchless praise,
 Will he from hostile flames the ships defend;
 Or he denies, and still his wrath retains?
 Patient, Ulysses answer'd thus his words:
 O Agamemnon, glorious king of men,
 He not his anger will forego, but more
 Indulges, thee rejecting and thy gifts;
 And would advise thee to consult the Greeks
 Of the best means to save the fleet and host;
 And threatens when the morning light appears
 His ships with well-plac'd oars shall plough the main.

Besides, to all the rest he recommends
 Speedy departure to their native home :
 For ye, th' inevitable fall in vain
 Expect of Troy, which lofty-thundering Jove
 Shields with his arm : on this their pride presumes.
 All this he spake ; and these that follow me,
 Ajax and both the heralds, men of truth
 And wisdom, what I tell you can confirm.
 But Phœnix with him stays to take repose,
 For so the hero bade him ; and at morn
 To follow him to their lov'd home prepare ;
 If such his pleasure, for he not compels.
 He spake : when all with silent wonder heard
 His words, for very stern was the repulse :
 Long mute and sad the sons of Greece remain'd.
 At length the warlike Diomed arose :
 Great Agamemnon, Atreus' kingly son,
 Oh ! that thou never hadst Pelides tempted
 With gifts inestimable ; for the man
 Too proud before, will now be prouder still.
 But let us leave him or to go or stay
 As likes him best : he then will fight again
 When courage prompts him and the god inspires.

Now as I recommend let all obey:
Each to his bed repair when well refresh'd
With meats and drinks (in these is martial strength);
And when the beauteous rosy-finger'd morn
Reveals the gladsome light, then at the fleet
Do thou our armies and the horse array,
And foremost in the fight their courage fire.
He spake: th' Achæan princes all approv'd
His prudent counsel, and th' heroic speech
Of steed-commanding Diomed admir'd:
Then due libations pour'd; each his own tent
Sought, and receiv'd of sleep the gift divinè.

MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM V. TRANSLATED.

When rising breezes, o'er the wat'ry plain
Spread their soft wings, and fan the purple main,
Cold fear invades, and my presaging mind
Sees future tempests in the gentlest wind:
Then all my wish is safety on the shore,
No wonted pleasures can my peace restore,
And all the charms of song delight no more.
But when the winds their airy battle form,
High swells the ocean and loud blows the storm;
Then, from the seas averse, I long to prove
More faithful fields and the deserted grove:

Then distant woods are lovely to my sight;
Oh ! could I thither wing my hasty flight
From scenes of death, to mansions of delight;
Where the pine waving as the tempest blows
With thrilling sound solicits my repose.
Wretched the fisherman compell'd to bear
The rude inclemency of seas and air:
Alike his life precarious and his gain ;
A boat his house; the fields he plows, the main.
But let my calmer life direct it's way,
Where thro' long shades the winding riv'lets stray ;
Whose gentle murmurs, as they glide along,
Invite my slumbers, or awake the song;
While whisp'ring plane trees lend their tuneful aid :
Such sounds the swain delight and make him not afraid.

Translations from Horace.

HORACE.

BOOK FIRST. ODE FIRST.

Mæcenâs, whose high birth we trace
From fair Hetruria's princely race,
O, to whose guardian care I fly,
Sweet Patron, and my noblest joy!
Man's taste, how various, and his ways!
Some love with rapid wheels to raise
Olympic dust; and while they roll,
To shun, with prudent reins, the goal;
And the palm's verdant honours claim
Lifts to the Gods a mortal name.

This man's vain wish obtains it's end,
 If loud inconstant crowds contend
 To shout him to preferment's seat :
 Another is supremely great,
 If his full granaries receive
 All that the Lybian summers give.
 A third, with his paternal farm
 Contented, shun's ambition's harm ;
 Cheerful he plows his small domain ;
 And thy persuasive pow'rs, in vain,
 (Tho' India were the promis'd prize)
 Allure them from their fav'rite joys,
 Like wretched mariners, to brave
 The terrors of the doubtful wave.
 If the black south-wind's rising rage
 Swift with Icarian floods engage,
 The merchant, mindless of his store,
 Regrets the joys he left on shore ;
 Praising, while toss'd in angry seas,
 His villa's shade and quiet ease ;
 Yet fear of poverty prevails,
 He soon repairs his tatter'd sails.

Some, the vine's generous juice to pour,
 Snatch from life's cares the jovial hour :
 Now, in embow'ring shades reclin'd,
 Relax with rural peace the mind ;
 Now, near a sacred spring they dream,
 Charm'd by the gently-running stream.
 Many in glittering camps rejoice ;
 The trumpet's sound, the battle's noise
 Are welcome to the soldier's ear ;
 But wake the mother's anxious fear.
 Patient, beneath inclement Jove,
 The hunter roams abroad ; nor love,
 Nor can his tender spouse, detain
 His steps when, sweeping o'er the plain,
 His faithful hounds a deer pursue,
 Or have a raging boar in view.
 Joy, which learned brows confine,
 Thee, consecrate to seats divine.
 Me, the cool umbrage of the groves,
 Scenes of the nymphs, the dance, and loves,
 Shall raise above the vulgar throng,
 And eternize my joyful song,

If Polyhymnia heats inspire
And tune to song my Lesbian lyre:
But if Mæcenas kindly deign
To rank me in the lyric train,
On the glad wing I'll proudly rise,
And tread sublime the starry skies.

HORACE.

BOOK FIRST. ODE TWENTIETH.

TO MÆCENAS.

Small wine, of the Sabine production, for thee,
 Mæcenas, bright glory of knighthood, I save :
 In Greek-flavor'd casks by myself it was stor'd,
 And seal'd on the day
 When the theatre gave thee such shouts, that the shores
 Of thy river paternal express'd the loud joy,
 And the mimicking voice of the Vatican hill
 Thy praises return'd.
 Choice grapes in Calenian presses subdued,
 At home thou shalt quaff; no Falernian vines
 Replenish my cups; nor the clusters that swell
 On Formian hills.

HORACE.

BOOK FIRST. ODE TWENTY-THIRD.

TO CHLOE.

'Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like a tender fawn
 Seeking o'er pathless hills the timorous dam,
 Not without terrors vain
 Of woods, and every passing gale.
 For if but vernal airs, with murmur soft,
 Move the light fluttering leaves, or lizards green
 But chance to stir the brake,
 Tremble at once his heart and knees.
 Yet I, not like a Tyger fierce, pursue,
 Or a Getulian lion, thee to tear;
 Cease then thy mother more
 To follow, now mature for love.

HORACE.

BOOK FIRST. ODE TWENTY-FOURTH.

TO VIRGIL.

Advises him to bear the death of Quintilius with equanimity.

Who shall prescribe a mean to our regret
 For this dear friend? Command the plaintive strain,
 Melpomene, to whom thy heav'nly sire
 Gave the clear flowing voice and harp.
 And does eternal slumber seal his eyes?
 Oh! when shall virtuous shame and faith unstain'd,
 Sister of Justice, when shall Truth unveil'd,
 An equal to Quintilius find?
 Lamented by the good, he died; by none,
 O Virgil, more lamented than by thee:
 In vain thy pious vows his life require
 On terms by wiser heav'n denied.

Nay, could'st thou gentler than the Thracian bard
Thy chords attemper to the list'ning trees,
No more the blood thro' that vain shade shou'd flow,
Which Hermes, with his awful rod,
Unmov'd by pray'r the sentence to revoke,
Hath once consign'd to Pluto's gloomy train.
'Tis hard: but what were impious to amend,
By resignation lighter grows.

HORACE.

BOOK FIRST. ODE THIRTY-EIGHT.

TO HIS SERVANT.

I, boy, this Persian elegance detest ;
 Garlands displease with fine-wrought bands entwin'd :
 Then seek not, curious, where in season late
 The lingering roses blow.
 Branches of simple myrtle, to provide,
 Be all thy care ; nor myrtle misbecomes
 Thy servitude, nor me, who humbly quaff
 Under th' embow'ring vine.

HORACE.

BOOK SECOND. ODE TENTH.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

Advises him to be content with moderate things, and to maintain equanimity.

Wise is his life, Licinius, who nor dares
 To tempt the distant main; nor, while the storm
 He views with horror, steers his cautious bark
 Too near the rocky shore.

Whose rule of conduct is the golden mean,
 Safe from contempt he shuns the sordid cell,
 And safe from envy shuns the princely roof;
 So temp'rate his desires.

Oft the huge pine is toss'd by winds, and high-
 Aspiring tow'rs with pond'rous ruin fall;
 Nor spares the thunder to direct its fires
 Against the mountain tops.

A mind fore-arm'd adversity sustains
 With hope, and tempers joyous-days with fear;
 Tho' Jove with chilling blasts the year deforms,
 The same celestial pow'r

Removes the winter and renews the spring:
 Now dark, the scene will change; Apollo's lyre
 Wakes the late-silent song; nor does the god
 For ever bend his bow.

The more afflictions press, do thou the more
 Thy courage prove: but when a prosp'rous breeze
 Too fast impels thy course, then, timely wise,
 Contract thy swelling sails.

HORACE.

BOOK SECOND. ODE TWELFTH.

TO MÆCENAS.



Fierce Numantia's wars, a long story to tell,
 And Annibal dire, and Sicilian seas,
 With blood of the Punics empurpled, can I,
 To soft measures, adapt, of the lyre :
 Or the Lapithæ cruel, Hylæus with wine
 Over-drench'd, and the young sons of Earth who, subdued
 By Herculean might, had with daring assault
 Made tremble the starry domain
 Of old Saturn; and better Mæcenas in phrase
 Historic, the battles of Cæsar shall write,
 His marches triumphal, and chains that invest
 The necks of proud menacing kings.

Me, the Muses inspire the sweet accents to praise
 Of Lycimnia's voice; me, the lustre to tell
 That beams from her eyes, and a heart that in loves
 Meets the lover with faithful return:

Whom it ne'er misbecomes to assist in the choir,
 To jest it, or sporting with delicate maids,
 Lend her arms to the dance on the festival day,
 That honours the Goddess of Groves.

Say, for all the rich region Achæmenes sway'd,
 Or for all the rare treasures that Phrygia commands,
 Wouldst thou barter one lock of Lycimnia's hair,

 Or for Araby's odours or gums,
 At the kiss, sweet as roses, whene'er she reclines
 Her neck; or with gentle unkindness denies,
 As wishing it seiz'd with a warmer address:

 Yet will snatch it at times unimplor'd,

HORACE.

BOOK SECOND. ODE SIXTEENTH.

TO GROSPHUS.

That happiness is to be obtained by restraining our desires.

For ease, the mariner, by storms surpriz'd
 On wide Ægean seas, invokes the gods,
 When sable clouds obscure the moon, and stars
 Their friendly lustre hide.

For ease, the Thracian, fierce in battle, prays;
 The Medes, bedight with quiver, sigh for ease;
 Not to be bought, O Grosphus, or with gems,
 Or purple vests, or gold.

For neither wealth nor high commands in state
 Can the sad tumults of the breast remove,
 And busy cares; for ever hovering round
 The mansions of the great.

Happy who lives on little ; on whose board
 His father's plate, a scanty portion, shines :
 Nor lust of gold, or its associate, fear,

Disturb his soft repose.

Why aim at mighty things in time's short race ?
 Why visit regions warmed by other suns ?
 What man, self-exil'd from his native shore,
 Can leave himself behind ?

Invidious care the winged ship ascends ;
 Mount the fleet horse, her footsteps close pursue,
 Swifter than hinds, more swift than eastern blasts

Chasing the stormy show'r.

Enjoy the present bliss ; all care disdain
 Of ills to come ; the bitter cup of life
 Temper with cheerful smile ; nor hope to find
 A perfect happy state.

Swift death the fam'd Achilles snatch'd away ;
 By slow-consuming years Tithonus died ;
 And a succeeding hour, to thee denied,
 May reach perhaps to me.


Thine are a hundred flocks ; Sicilian herds
 Around thee low ; thy generous mares await
 To grace thy chariot ; and the woolly fleece,
 Twice dipt in purple dye,

Raiment supplies: to me, my little grange,
And some small spirit of the Grecian muse,
Kind destiny assures; with pride to scorn
The vulgar, great and small.

HORACE.

BOOK THIRD. ODE FIRST.

Happiness consists not in Honour and Riches.



From me, ye vulgar and profane, be gone,
Silent the rest; while I, the Muses' priest,
 In strains unheard before,
 To virgins chaunt and docile youths.
Kings o'er their flocks an awful sway maintain:
O'er kings, Great Jove; whose gigantean wars
 Fill heaven with his renown;
All Nature trembles at his nod.

One man of wealth o'er wider plains extends
 His marshall'd grove: another, proud of birth,
 Courts honors; while a third,

 In merit and fair fame, excels:

His friends, another boasts, a numerous train;
 But great and base, to fate's impartial doom,

 Yield; and the spacious urn

 Shuffles each undistinguish'd name.

O'er whose vile neck the glittering sword impends,
 Sicilian dainties tempt the wretch in vain;

 Nor voice of birds or lute

 Can his unquiet breast compose.

Soft sleep the peasant's humble roof affects;

Sleep loves the margin of the purling brook,

 Nor shuns the vale retir'd,

 Nor Tempe's zephyr-waving groves.

Who, just what nature calls enough, desires,

Dreads not the troubled main and starry rage,

 Or when Arcturus falls,

 Or when the stormy Kid ascends;

Nor the hail batter'd vines and faithless trees

Whose scanty fruits now chide the rains, and now

 The star that burns the plains,

 And now the Winter's ruthless reign.

Our fishes feel the narrow'd sea, such moles
 Restrain its waves: here the fastidious lord

Tir'd of his rural seat,

Lays new foundations on the strand.

But fear and threat'ning danger climb as high
 As his desires, and sable care o'ertakes

The galley's flying oars;

And if he ride she mounts behind.

But if no Phrygian stone our griefs assuage,
 No robes of purple that outshine the stars,

Nor the Falernian vine,

Or eastern spikenard's precious breath;

Why shou'd I then on envied pillars raise
 (The fashion of the day) my princely dome?

Why change, for toilsome store,

The quiet of my Sabine vale?

HORACE.

BOOK THIRD. ODE FIRST.

Stanzas V. & VI.

The wretch, o'er whose devoted head
 Glitters the thread-suspended sword,
 Tho' with Sicilian dainties fed,
 Sighs joyless o'er the splendid board :
 Nor voice of harp can to soft rest controul,
 Nor song of birds appease, the troubler of the soul.

Soft sleep the peasant's humble cell
 Disdains not to inhabit, where
 Content and harmless pleasure dwell,
 And chearful taste their frugal fare.
 Soft sleep the shady bank and riv'let loves,
 And Tempe's vale retir'd and zephyr-waving groves.

HORACE.

BOOK THIRD. ODE SEVENTH.

TO ASTERIE.

He comforts Asterie, anxious on account of the absence of her Husband, and exhorts her to persevere in her fidelity to him.

Why mourns Asterie for her Gyges; whom,
 To her, the first fair zephyrs shall restore,
 With Pontic wares enrich'd;
 The youth of constant faith and pure.
 Though toss'd at Oricum by southern blasts,
 Sent by the setting goat's wild-raging stars,
 He sleepless the cold nights,
 Not without flowing tears, endures.
 But lo! a messenger from Chloe tells
 Her sighs; and miserable, how she burns
 For thy own rightful flame;
 And tempts his love a thousand ways.

How a false woman, by pretended crimes,
 Impelled believing Prætus (he declares)
 To urge th' untimely fate
 Of too, too chaste Bellerophon :
 Of Peleus, near to Tartarus consign'd,
 While from Hippolyte his virtue flies,
 He speaks; and artful, weaves
 Fair stories, training youth to sin.
 In vain: for deader than Icarian rocks,
 The words he hears unmov'd; but ah! beware
 Lest that young neighb'ring spark,
 Enipeus, thee shou'd please too well :
 Though none with equal science knows to guide
 The fiery steed on Mars's verdant plain,
 Nor none with fleeter limbs
 Can float along the Tuscan tide.
 Secure thy doors at earliest eve, nor down
 Look list'ning when the plaintive pipe resounds;
 And when he calls thee cruel,
 Inexorable still remain.

HORACE.

BOOK THIRD. ODE THIRTEENTH.

TO THE BLANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.



O Spring Blandusian, bright as crystal sheen,
Deserving richest wine and fairest flowr's,
 To-morrow's kid is thine,
 Whose forehead, swoln with budding horns,
Already meditates both love and war:
In vain; for soon, infected by the blood
 Of that lascivious race,
Thy gelid streams shall purple flow.

Thee, not the fiery dog-star's raging hour
Can injure: thou the cool delicious draught
 To the toil-wearied steers
 Dost offer, and to wand'ring flocks.
Thou too shalt rank with fountains of renown;
While I, the praises of that oak, rehearse,
 Which crowns the rocky cave
From whence thy prattling waters spring.

HORACE.

BOOK FOURTH. ODE THIRD.

TO MELPOMENE.

He acknowledges that through her favor he obtains some rank among poets.

The poet, whose blest natal day
The muse propitious grac'd with smiling ray,
Shall, nor with Isthmian labor gain
The victor's prize, nor o'er th' Olympic plain
Fly foremost in the rapid car;
Nor laurels gather'd from the fields of war
Declare him victory's fav'rite son,
For monarchs humbled and for kingdoms won.

But the cool umbrage of the woods
 Near fertile Tibur, and the gentle floods
 That glide his flow'ry vales among,
 Shall crown him master of th' Eolian song.

Rome's sons my various verse admire,
 Nor shun to rank me in the lovely choir
 Of sacred bards; and now too high
 For envy's darts, my fame ascends the sky.

O! sov'reign of the vocal shell.
 Sweet muse, soul-pleasing charms attemp'ring well,
 'Tis all of thy celestial grace
 That oft the finger of admiring praise
 Points out the tuneful bard in crouded ways;
 Thine, that amid th' illustrious few
 I breathe the lyric strains, and please, if please I do.

HORACE.

BOOK FOURTH. ODE NINTH.

TO LOLLIVS.

He endeavours, by his verses, to rescue Lolliv's name from oblivion.

Think not the numbers of thy poet, born
 By the far-sounding Aufidus, shall die;
 Words by new arts compos'd,
 Associates of the vocal strings.
 Above the rest tho' Homer sits enthron'd,
 Yet fam'd is Pindar's and the Cæan song,
 Alcæus threat'ning rage,
 Stesichorus of solemn strains;
 Nor the gay sportings of the Teian muse
 Hath time eras'd: still breathes the soul of love;
 And Sappho's living lays
 Attemper still th' Æolian lyre.

'Twas not the Spartan dame alone that burn'd
 For the neat curls that grac'd a gallant youth,
 His princely dress admir'd,
 The state and splendor of his train ;
 Nor Teucer guided first the Cretan bow,
 Not Troy but once with sieges vex'd, nor vast
 Idomeneus alone,
 Or Sthenelus, high feats atchiev'd
 Worthy the muse ; not first Hectorean rage,
 Or brave Deiphobus the stroke sustain'd
 Of spears and fatal wounds,
 For their chaste consorts and their sons.
 E'er Agamemnon liv'd great heroes fought ;
 But all are sunk in one eternal night
 Unmourn'd; because their names
 No sacred poet gives to fame.
 Dead sloth and worth conceal'd are near allied;
 Shall then my page, O Lollius in thy praise
 Be silent, or endure
 Envious oblivion to deface

Labours like thine ? Within thee dwells a soul
 Wise and inform'd with science, and that ne'er

From rectitude declines

In prosp'rous or distressing days.

Scourge of rapacious fraud, averse from all-

Seducing gold : no consul of one year ;

But a good consul still,

Oft as th' impartial judge prefers

Honour to gain ; bids guilty bribes avaunt :

And when encircled by corruption's train

He virtue's arms displays,

And forces his victorious way.

Count him not happy that abounds in store :

The name of happy, more to him belongs

Who knows the gifts of heav'n

With wisdom to dispense and use ;

Who can hard poverty with patience bear,

And worse than death fears the flagitious deed.

He for his friends belov'd,

Nor for his country, fears to die.

HORACE.

EPODE SECOND.

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Alphius the Usurer, weary as it were with his crafts, praises a Country Life, but shortly overcome by avarice, returns to his old occupation and way of living.

Happy the man who, far from busy care,
 (Such was of mortals the first race)
 Works his paternal soil with his own steers,
 Guiltless of griping usury.
 He starts not at the martial trumpet's sound,
 Nor fears the rage of angry seas;
 Law courts he shuns and citizens proud gates;
 No suppliant he to wealth and pow'r.

Better employ'd; either to poplars tall
 His marriageable vines he leads,
 Or all the barren branches lops away,
 Their place with kindlier shoots supplied.
 Or in the winding vale his lowing herds,
 That wander here and there, surveys;
 Or honey, press'd in purest jars, he hides;
 Or sheers the sheep, a feeble race.
 And when fair Autumn rears his head, adorn'd
 With fruits mature of tempting taste,
 Then, how he joys to crop th' ingrafted pear,
 And grapes, that with rich purple vie!
 Part thine, Priapus; part is thy reward,
 Sylvanus, guardian of his bounds.
 Now shaded by some ancient oak he lies,
 On grassy carpet now reclin'd.
 Mean-while beneath high banks a riv'let glides,
 The birds in sylvan shades complain,
 And fountains pour along their prattling streams,
 His eyes inviting to soft sleep.
 But when at Winter thund'ring Jove prepares
 His store of show'ry storms and snows;

He drives with many a dog the savage boar
 Into the wide opposing toils.

Or with nice art his finer net extends,
 A snare to the voracious thrush;
 And takes the timid hare his grateful prize,
 And crane, suspectful of the lure.

Who not forgets, amid these pure delights,
 The sad inquietudes of love.

But if a wife (such as the Sabines were,
 Or the sun-scorch'd Appulian dame)

Chaste, and intent her duties to attend
 At home, and to their offspring lov'd;

At eve, of season'd wood a fire she builds,
 Hoping her wearied lord's return;

In woven hurdles shuts the well-fed flock,
 And their distended udders drains.

Then wine just ripe, from a clear vessel drawn,
 She sets before him cates unbought.

Me, neither Lucrine oysters more delight,
 Turbot nor trout; any of these

Shou'd winter, arm'd by thund'ring Eurus, drive
 From their own seas to Latian shores;

Nor the Numidian hen, nor woodcock rare,
 A traveller from Asian climes,
 Go down with sweeter taste than olive fruit
 Fresh gather'd from selected boughs;
 Or pasture-loving sorrel, mallows mild,
 The sickly body's kind relief,
 Or lambkin slain at Terminus's feast,
 Or kid new rescued from the wolf.
 Amid these dainties, what delight to see
 The sheep from pasture hast'ning home!
 To see the wearied oxen's languid necks
 Straining to drag th' inverted plough;
 The village swains sit round the cheerful fire,
 Of his estate th' enriching swarm.

Thus Alphius, the notorious us'rer, spake,
 Won by the charms of rural bliss;
 At the next Ides his monies he recall'd,
 At the next Calends all replac'd.

Original Poems.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

A TALE.

Upon a sunshine summer's day,
When nature smiles and all is gay,
By pleasure mov'd, young Doris stray'd,
And gain'd by chance a sylvan shade.
There resting on the fragrant bed,
One lilly hand supports her head;
While that, upon her waist is set,
Or picks the fragrant violet.
Meanwhile the birds, in airy trees,
With songs the ravish'd list'ner please;

Well pleas'd themselves : among the rest
A Robin rears his crimson breast,
To trembling airs attunes his bill,
Nor fearing, nor devising ill.
All hush'd—for lo! with rapid flight,
Skims thro' the grove as quick as light,
A hawk that, with invidious eyes,
The little heedless warbler spies ;
Then with a turn his flight commands,
And perch'd above the Robin, stands.
“ Ye gods, I pray declare the cause
Why this pert bird surveys my claws
With heart unmov'd ; though pert he be,
Methinks he should remember me :
Me, whom your own just laws ordain
Stern tyrant of the feather'd train.
Whene'er I hang in open sky,
The partridge dreads my searching eye ;
Her fearful brood, as still as death,
In the deep mead suspend their breath :
Then shall a robin gaze, nor drcad ;
I'll urge no more, but strike him dead.”

Robin replies, with heart sincere
Alike from guilt, and grief, and fear,
“ Cease, and restrain thy proud desire ;
Why burns thy heart with vengeful ire.
Long in this rural bound I’ve liv’d,
Aggrieving none, by none aggriev’d :
By suffrage universal made
Free tenant of the woods and shade.
Alike when morn impearls the flow’rs,
Or evening veils the radiant hours ;
Alike when vernal joys are here,
Or the first storms undress the year ;
On airy trees I chant along
And this grove hears my constant song.
Thoughtless, and innocently bold,
I fear no winter’s want nor cold ;
But when the woods and fields deny
Of fruits and worms the rich supply,
I hang about the peasant’s door,
And snatch my beaver from the floor ;
Or in the terrace-walk am fed
By pity’s hand with crumbs of bread :

Thy rage let pity then disarm,
Nor injure him that means no harm.”
The hawk relenting, thus rejoin’d:
“ Why wait we here to beat the wind ;
A covey lies in yon retreat ;
And robin red-breast is no meat :
I seek for better food.—Adieu.”
He said, and to the covey flew.
With equal pleasure and surprize
Affected, homeward Doris hies,
Rejoic’d to find oppression fail,
She told at home the wondrous tale ;
The charms of innocence admir’d,
And wish’d to be this happy bird.

ON THE

INGENIOUS LATIN VERSION OF DAVID'S PSALMS,

BY ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

Our ravish'd ears, what sacred accents fill;
Not from Parnassus, but from Sion's hill!
To Helicon, let humbler poets go;
From Shiloh's waters all thy numbers flow.

Others may make the lowly plain their choice;
There sing of Daphne with a feeble voice;
Perhaps a grove their theme; or in their lays
Some silver stream in wanton error strays:
To thee, the more exalted pow'r is giv'n,
At once to charm and lift us nearer heav'n!
The lyre of David, at thy touch, resounds
From Judah's realm to Caledonia's bounds.

In all the sweetness of the Latian tongue
 Thy verse embalm'd, shall bloom for ever young;
 While thoughts in vulgar phrase, are little more
 Than tracks in dust, or on the wasting shore.

When Time the beauty shall at once erase
 Of Waller's verse and Sacharissa's face ;
 When lofty Granville weeps his faded bays,
 And learning wonders what a Dryden says;
 When years to come shall Cowley's glory stain
 And the Lost Paradise be lost again ;
 The fame of Addison its date fulfil ;
 Nay Homer want himself a new translator still ;
 This to thy name Eternity shall give :
 Dead languages alone for ever live.

1748.

TO A FRIEND.

While some, involv'd in busy scenes, aspire
To riches, provident of age to come;
From gainful prospects vacant, I retire
To sylvan scenes, the Muses' native home.

Is it a dream, or Fancy thinks she hears,
And does to song the sacred call obey!
They seem to lead me where mild vernal airs,
And groves delightful, prompt the rural lay.

How chearful fly my solitary hours
While harmless pleasures every sense regale;
Soft zephyrs fan me, and sweet beds of flow'rs
Spring round my steps along th' enamell'd vale.

Here smiling daisies whiten o'er the plain;
 There cowslips rise in golden locks array'd;
 The orchis of a variegated train;
 The primrose tenant of the lowly shade.

If to remoter views my eyes extend,
 Meads, corn-fields, woods, in shades of various green,
 Successive rise; till azure hills ascend
 And close at once and dignify the scene.

With joy I trace the Mersey's winding flight;
 Now it appears, and now is lost in shade;
 Again it glistens to the distant sight,
 By sun-beams trembling in the waves, betray'd.

Unnumber'd cattle stray beside the flood;
 Drink the clear stream, or (Phœbus mounting high)
 Run to the coolness of the silent wood;
 Silent, unless the songsters of the sky

In notes melodious, chaunt among the leaves,
 And mingle with the breeze their untaught lays;
 The murm'ring wind the grateful sound receives,
 And sweeter music than it's own, conveys.

Nor do not pleasing images employ,
 In dear remembrance of those days so fair
 Of early youth, of innocence and joy,
 Spent in these plains remote from anxious care.

Fast by that brook, which poplar-branches shield
 From piercing sunbeams, Oh! how oft have I
 Sought where the doves their airy mansions build,
 Or from the stream beguil'd the finny fry.

There oft, invited by the Halcyon's note,
 T' admire her nearer beauties, wou'd I try;
 But I advance in vain with cautious foot,
 Still a new flight derides the curious eye.

Nor less the heron, of suspicious kind,
 Far down the riv'let, haunts yon pebbled strand;
 She eyes me; leaves her wat'ry prey behind,
 And with slow flight o'erlooks the wide-stretch'd land.

Above the rest, that era I review
 Most happy, or unhappy shall I say,
 When from bright eyes the quick destruction flew,
 When first Ardelia charm'd my soul away.

Ardelia first, my artless numbers taught
 In sweet complaining strains of love to flow,
 First to reveal the gay, the tender thought,
 The wishful sigh, the strangely pleasing woe.

Then all my pleasure was to please the fair,
 Live on her smiles; and all my fond delight,
 Her every motion and her charming air,
 To view by day, to meditate by night.

Methinks I see her as when first she shone,
 In bloom of youth and flow'ry beauty's pride,
 While heav'n-born kindness (beauty's cheering sun)
 To every charm a fairer charm, supplied.

Oh! cou'd my sighs recall that absent dear,
 From distant climes, to meet my longing eye;
 In tenderest wishes wafted up for her
 With mounting winds my ardent breath should vie.

So shou'd no other fair be fair to me,
 No other image in my bosom dwell;
 Then farewell all the beauteous world for thee,
 And farewell, Flora! Flora's friend, farewell!

ON A DREAM.

Sure dreams must be divine, or they,
Mira, cou'd ne'er thy beauteous form convey;
To paint the glories of thy face,
Heaven must bestow that imitative grace;
Nor could the visionary tongue
Rival thy voice unless by angels strung.
Can sleep too counterfeit my joy,
Can thy bright shade infuse such extacy,
That dreams a real pleasure seem,

Or pleasure's but a transitory dream!

But why did re-ascending day,

Gilding the eastern clouds with purple ray,

Ravish so soon my fair away?

The vision vanish'd, I complain

The loss, but ill requited by the gain;

Though day's bright lamp himself arise,

And fair creation open to my eyes.

1760.

ON THE

PROFUSION OF BAD VERSE

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE

OLD DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

If ere a noble prince or hero die,
How brisk and all alive the rhyming fry;
Who, while they seem to praise, in wretched verse
Disturb his manes, and infest his herse.
For him, poor souls, they write not, but for bread;
To gain a living by the mighty dead.
So some fam'd steed, that wont the palm to gain
At gay Newmarket our Olympic plain,
Vanquished alone by fate now breathless lies,
Worn out by age and toil and victories,
About his relics swarm the tuneful flies;
Who, while their music seems to mourn his fate,
Come to pollute his carcase and to eat.

1766.

THYRSIS AND CELIA.

Why has not verse soft sounds to move
 The cruel heart of maids to love.
 Sweet music's voice, when Orpheus play'd,
 Trees and the sylvan race obey'd;
 And rocks (cou'd senseless rocks admire?)
 Danc'd when Amphion touch'd the lyre;
 All listen'd to th' enchanting strains :
 Beauty alone the song disdains.

CELIA.

Shall heaven-descended beauty yield
 To weaker verse the glorious field ;
 Poets can savages subdue,
 And 'tis our pride to conquer you ;
 Nor let Apollo's sons complain,
 Since he too lov'd a nymph in vain.

THYRSIS.

Renown'd in verse, your form divine
 Thro' ages unimpair'd shall shine;
 But if no muse her aid bestow,
 What will soon-fading beauty do.

CELIA.

Thyrsis, in praising us, you sing
 The fountain whence your numbers spring;
 How oft has beauty warm'd your rage,
 How oft has grac'd the tuneful page;
 Take that inspiring theme from you,
 What will the silent muses do.

THYRSIS.

O! rather with propitious smile,
 Higher advance the tuneful style,
 Then like the lark we'll reach the sky
 On wings of pleasure and of joy.

CELIA.

Believe me, Thyrsis, 'tis no jest,
In sorrow's note you chant it best ;
Sweet are the lark's exulting strains,
But sweeter Philomel complains.

1772.

CANTICLES.

CAP. II. V. 10, 11, 12, 13.

PARAPHRASED.



'Twas my beloved spake : that welcome voice
Did rapture to my list'ning ear convey,
Such was th' inviting sound ; My fair arise,
My only fair arise, and come away.

Fled is the winter's cold ; the storms are past ;
Come then to seats of innocence and joy,
Where, nor untimely rains nor chilling blast,
Nor fear, nor danger shall our peace annoy.

Come where the spring, transforming winter's scene,
 A youth of beauty o'er the region pours;
 The fields are vested with a living green,
 With vines the hills, the vallies laugh with flow'rs.

The harmless birds, on the fresh verdant spray,
 Break forth in ceaseless songs of joy and love;
 Bright beams the wintry clouds have chas'd away;
 Sunshine and music cheer the lonesome grove.

The turtle tunes his note of soft desire;
 Let us, in poesy's diviner airs,
 Assist the concert of the woodland choir,
 And feel a passion unprov'd as theirs.

See, fair, for thy return the bending boughs
 Blush with ripe fruit, or clad in rich attire
 Of blossoms thick and fair as winter snows;
 Those court the taste, and these glad hope inspire.

Leave crowds and noise ; nor let the pomp of state,
Vain shades of bliss, thy fancy entertain,
While I, with love's impatience, still await
Thy graceful footsteps o'er the flow'ry plain.

These happy hours, to pleasure now so kind
Soon pass, and Sharon's rosy scents decay:
Arise, fly swifter than the nimble hind ;
Prevent the wings of time, arise and come away.

THE ANT AND THE BEE.

A FABLE.



A summer shower had swell'd the winding rills,
And o'er the flow'ry-vested meads had flow'd.
An ant-hill bordering on the dangerous flood,
Was delug'd, and her people swept away :
As one of these, escaping from the storm,
Had seiz'd the refuge of an alder-branch
Whose utmost foliage kiss'd the running stream,
With impious voice she thus of heav'n complains.
What desolations have I liv'd to see ;
A nation lost! Did we for this renew
Our honest toil, and drag our burdens home :
And merits innocence this dire reward!

And can there be a Providence above?
 Or heaven is mindless of the world below;
 Or means (what I would rather think) no less,
 Than to destroy the world.—A wand'ring bee,
 Passing that way, the murmur heard; and thus
 The rival of his industry reprov'd :
 Cease to accuse the skies; from adverse fate
 Learn wisdom; disappointment not in vain
 Awaits us; though its reasons lie obscure,
 Still acquiesce: when these are fair display'd,
 Own them and vindicate the ways of heav'n ;
 Look round, shall beast, fish, bird, and ev'ry kind
 Of breathing life, shall wide extended fields,
 Those of sad famine, these of drought complain
 For thee: or shall suspended clouds with-hold
 That bounty which to earth's wide plains extends,
 To beast, fish, fowl, to insects and to thee!
 The grain that feeds thee drank the rain of heav'n;
 Whose large munificence respects the whole,
 Whose seeming partiality but few!
 An ant-hill suffers; but a world is blest.

THE OAK AND THE REEDS.

A FABLE.



A stately oak that crown'd a mountain's top
Diffus'd his ancient branches wide and high :
In might he gloried and a length of days.
These arms, he cry'd, with unresisted force
Have stood the rage of many a winter's blast.
On me the thunder tries it's bolts in vain,
Whilst I, from this high summit, oft behold
Trees of inferior force by light'ning pierc'd ;
Or, torn by furious tempests, prostrate lie,
Disgraceful, on the desolated plain.
Such boast the heav'ns deride : they send the storm,
The pouring clouds descend ; from off the hills

Rush with impetuous noise the foamy floods ;
 And tearing tempests vex the sounding groves.
 The lofty boaster now resists in vain ;
 His boughs all shatter'd and his roots up-torn,
 Headlong he falls ; and borne by rapid floods,
 Adown the neighb'ring river, floats along ;
 Till stopp'd at last he gain'd a shore of reeds.
 Whence is this miracle, amaz'd, he cries,
 That my firm sides should not sustain the storm,
 Whilst reeds, an impotent and feeble race,
 Defy the rage of winds.——To this, a voice
 Shrill-sounding from Pan's reedy grove, replies ;
 We are, 'tis true, of feeble race ; but learn
 Safety from impotence ; and if but fann'd
 By gentle Zephyrus, with timely care
 Yielding, admit the wind ; if Eurys blow
 With ruder mouth, it's motion we obey
 Still more obsequious and elude the blast ;
 While stern resistance, as thy fall has prov'd,
 Provokes the tempest to revengeful rage.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

AN ODE.

Bird of the muses, mournful Philomel,
Sole warbler of the midnight grove,
Of sacred bards th' ambitious theme and love,
What unfrequented shade is thy still mansion, tell.

Or where some poplar's airy head aspires;
Or sitt'st thou veil'd in foliage green,
Like Echo, fabled nymph, a voice unseen;
Where studious of thy lays calm solitude retires.

Yet not unpleas'd, when she the sound receives
Of streams that, murm'ring, glide along;
Soft interruption to thy nightly song;
Or the more gentle sound of zephyr-waving leaves.

My lov'd retreat, where oaks and stately planes
Stretch o'er the vale an awful shade,
Which neither envious care nor storms invade,
The reign of rural peace, invites thy strains.

Come then, and prove the joys our woods bestow,
Now the mild spring invites thee here,
And add new pleasures to the blooming year ;
Soothing the soul of grief with thy melodious woe.

So may the year indulgent seasons bring ;
Thy tender nest no dangers wait ;
And winter's chilling blasts compel thee late,
In far Atlantic isles, to chase the flitting spring.

THE SWALLOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A FABLE.

A swallow once, that lov'd abroad to roam
To regions wild remote from mortal sight,
Leaving the village and her cheerful home,
Prolong'd a distant solitary flight.

Seeking at eve a wood's retreat, she found,
Shrouded in leaves, sad Philomel alone;
Who, flying pleasure and in sorrow drown'd,
Deplor'd the fate of Itys and her own.

She saw, she heard with pity and surprize,
Surprize and pity mov'd by turns her breast;
Long mute she stood; till sympathetic sighs
Made way for words in tenderest strain address'd:

Tell me, sole warbler of the midnight shade,
 Once dear and happy in a sister's name,
 Till barb'rous hands thy beauteous frame had made
 The spotless victim of a tyrant's flame,

Why should thy fate, though hapless, move thee so,
 In forest wild, abandon'd to despair,
 To lead with savage beasts a life of woe,
 And give thy tuneful breath to desert air?

For vain and fruitless were thy fond desire
 Of praise or solace from the sylvan throng;
 Soft strains of harmony can these admire:
 Can sullen brutes compassionate thy song?

O come, and following me, partake the joys
 Which busy life and social plains bestow;
 There reason's ear shall listen to thy voice;
 There pity's tears at thy sad story flow!

So spake the sister of the crimson breast.
 When thus the nightingale: Thy wish resign;
 Each forms the various plan, as likes him best,
 Of happiness; and solitude is mine.

As to the morning lark a cloudless sky;
As flow'ry sweets to the far-wand'ring bee;
As Halcyons joyful to the rivers fly,
So pleasant are the darksome shades to me.

Here to my latest hour I wish to stay,
And in sweet sorrow languish life away.

1785.

EPIGRAMMATA.

DE BACULO PAMPINEO.

Palmite, Bacche, tuo nitar, nec Liber iniquum est
 Ut firmes gressus, qui facis ut titubem.

1790.

IN QUENDAM QUI EPIGRAMMA PRÆCEDENS SUO
 NOMINE PUBLICI JURIS FECIT.

Quid merui ignotum nomen tenuisque poeta,
 Ut tua me maneat sors venerande Maro?
 Anne licet tecum suaves hos edere questus,
 ‘ Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves?’
 Sit satis hoc laudis tibi musa; ignosce nocenti:
 Tu quoque ut ignoscas altera causa monet:
 Non fures punire decet, non temnere, si quos
 Urget paupertas invidiosa domi.*

* Proverb. Cap. 6. v. 30.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

AN ODE.

Fair blossom of the snowy vest !
Emblem of innocence !
Thou fearest not the wint'ry blast,
Thyself thy own defence.

Emblem of Hope ! when thou appears
Glad tidings dost thou bring :
We then anticipate with joy
The sweet return of spring.

Waste ground contents thy humble choice;
 And oft thy flow'r adorns
 The quickset fence; like as we read
 A lilly 'mid the thorns.

But why declines thy silver head
 Half from the view retir'd?
 Is it thy virgin modesty
 That shuns to be admir'd?

By this more beauteous, higher still
 I wou'd thy merits raise;
 And still the more shall my fond muse
 Disport it in thy praise.

1791.

TO THE CUCKOO.

AN ODE.

Cuckoo, the spring's swift-winged messenger,
Whose cheerful voice is still the same, yet still
New and delightful to the shepherd's ear,
Heard from the side of yonder wood-crown'd hill;
Where in fair pastures stray the fleecy throng,
Where sportive echo loves to mock thy song.

Charm'd by thy note, the northern blasts are still;
A pleasing verdure hath the plains o'erspread;
The primrose and the yellow daffodil,
Wake at thy call from winter's slothful bed;
And see, the meadows and the riv'lets side,
With flow'rs that bear thy name, diversified.

Nature, the tender egg thy food assign'd,
Nor wish we to reverse her sacred law ;
Still feed on embryos of the hurtful kind,
The wicked sparrow and the noisy daw,
The pie that chatters in a luckless hour,
And all that, on the wing, our promis'd fruits devour.

But make not innocence and song thy prey ;
Spare Philomela: spare her humble nest,
Who hails with soaring flight the springing day;
Hopes of sweet music in that cradle rest;
Which, cherish'd by maternal warmth, may try
Their youthful wings, and serenade the sky.

EPIGRAMMA.

IN HOMINEM GALLICUM QUI GLOBI AEROSTATICI
OPE PER AEREM VECTUS EST.

Qualis purpuream auroram cum voce salutans
In cœlum celeri fertur alauda fugâ :
Qualis et astra ferit nervo vibrata sagitta
Gaudet et Æolios antevolare notos :
Talis se Gallus moderamine sustulit orbis
Ætherii, superas ausus adire domos.
Miramur nova gesta virûm, miramur et æque
Quod levior Gallus fit levitate suâ.

TO A FRIEND

ON HIS GOING TO BATH.

Happy my muse, that can expatiate wide
O'er liberty's extended fields,
From vassallage of monkish rhyme
Freed, like the self-emancipated Gaul.

Or as a wanton steed, so Homer sings,
Breaks from his bands and scours the plain,
Or bathes in crystal floods his limbs:
So sports my Clio, and her song pursues.

Did I, beyond a metaphor, believe
 In those fine-fabled deities
 Of Athens and imperial Rome,
 For you, my vows shou'd thus the clouds transcend.

May Phœbus, president of health and verse,
 Gild and improve your western way;
 Give brighter views of hill and dale,
 And streams; fit subjects for the sylvan muse.

And when ye taste Bathonia's fuming rills;
 That these, to thy sick friend, may prove
 Hygeia's salutiferous wave:
 And prove to thee the Pegasean spring.

1794.

TO A FRIEND.



Methinks I hear the sons of rhyme exclaim :

Say what new fury fires thy breast,
Pindaric lines, without harmonious ends

To frame, and dare sublimer strains?
Thou, erst an humble poet, fain to dwell.

With Dryades and rural Pan,
While cypress-wreath'd Sylvanus heard thy song
Of love and forlorn paramours,

Of music-echoing woods and murm'ring rills
 That answer to the plaintive tale.
 Thou too of birds, the pride the life and joy
 Of field and grove, didst once rehearse
 Some past'ral ditties, and give hope of more;
 Threat'ning fine things, performing slow :
 For see around a feather'd choir unsung ;
 Of melody demanding thine.
 The golden-winged finch of beauteous pride ;
 The robin redbreast's trembling airs ;
 The woodlark' sweetly numerous notes, compos'd
 In stanzas to the lyric mood ;
 The linnet warbling from the heathy furze ;
 And the shrill ouzel's boxen flute :
 The throstle, that on lofty boughs uprears
 His dappled breast and shouts for joy :
 The merry wren ; the hay-tit's rapturous throat :
 Each artless voice of wood and plain.
 In these, thy tuneful fancy play'd, well pleas'd ;
 And thy ambition gain'd it's end,
 If simple swains and shepherdesses trim
 Wou'd listen to thy roundelays,

And haply weave an ivy-crown for thee,
 Hail'd victor in the reedy song.
 Turn back thy courser then from pathless wilds
 Of danger, and his feet recal
 Into the smooth-worn road well fenc'd by rhyme;
 And fear to forfeit former praise.
 Deaf to the reins, that courser's wild career
 Is in mid rage; the palm ungain'd
 Eléan; and the muse's chariot-wheels
 More fervid as they roll still grow.
 New calls of liberty the lyre awake:
 Freed is the Gaul; the Bastile's tow'rs,
 Triumphant ruin! threaten now no more.
 But how shall my frail breast conceive
 An ardor equal to the mighty theme?
 How lift the wings of thought so high;
 And call forth language that shou'd pour along
 With splendor and immortal sound?
 Vain effort for such disproportion'd powers!
 Yet what they can, let these essay.
 As he that digs in the deep seated mould
 The prince of metals to explore,

That hope tho' cross'd, new treasures may descry
Which well reward his prying pains.
So in the hidden mine of genius, we
New veins may fortunately trace :
And if my muse affecting loftier flights
Should but her former self excel,
Thou wilt, my friend, the generous purpose praise ;
Nor name it an inglorious fall.

1794.

TO A BIRD'S EGG.

AN ODE.

Thy shape and complexion how much I admire,
Thou beautiful hope of a beautiful race !
Whether snow's spotless garment thy simple attire,
Or all the gay colours which Iris displays.
Nature's sport and her pride ! perhaps meant to declare,
While in fanciful figures so various you shine,
How art's finish'd labors may blush to compare
With one flourish, one dash, of her pencil divine.

Whether hunger invites, or with slumber mine eyes
 (Heaven's boon to sad mortals) are nightly oppress'd,
 Thy substance a grateful refection supplies,
 Thy gift is the down that solicits my rest.

By the muse when inspir'd thro' the woodlands I rove,
 Still thou art the theme of my pastoral lays :
 In thee slept the music that gladdens the grove;
 My pen's thy fair gift, well employ'd in thy praise.

IN CRINES ASCITITIOS.

Fert animus crines emptos deponere, amictus
Quem natura dedit, sit satis iste mihi.
Phœbe adsis, medico pariter facilisque poetæ,
Rite patrocinium poscit uterque tuum.
Sancte, veni ; tua non deerit mihi gratia, crines
Scilicet intonsi te quoque Phœbe decent.
Vocibus his motus divini carminis autor,
Auspice me cœptum perfice, dixit, opus.
Verba dedisse parum est, cogam, mihi tanta potestas,
Numinis ut vires experiare mei.
Haud mora ; conscendens cœlestis terga leonis
Cynthius intorsit flammea tela procul,
Non aliter quam cum lætas maturat aristas,
Et ferus arentes Sirius urit agros.
Protinus impatiens ardoris inutile pondus
Vertice dejeci, sollicitante Deo.

TO THE BLACKBIRD.

AN ODE.

To thee, sweet bird, the rustic muse is due;
Thou sable-vested poet of the grove;
But lovely in that melancholy hue,
Thee, no vain wishes of ambition move:
And yet the more thou shunn'st the voice of praise,
The more my numbers wou'd thy merit raise.

For thou delightest in the lowly vale
Where human footsteps are but rarely seen,

There do'st with tenderest roots thy nest entail,
 Secur'd in prickly thorn, or holly green;
 Or in some hedge's close recess, beside
 Whose bounds a riv'lets shallow waters glide.

E'er violets perfume Favonius' wing,
 The throstle builds his nest in earliest time,
 E'er flitting swallows on the turret sing,
 And leaves thee waiting, till the vernal prime
 Restore alternate suns and fost'ring rains;
 Peace to the winds and beauty to the plains.

'Tis then thy faithful mate begins to lay
 Her speckled eggs; and joys thy vocal strains
 To hear, sweet sounding from the neighb'ring spray;
 The solace of her patience and her pains:
 Nor her alone thy tuneful raptures hail;
 But fill with pleasance every hill and dale.

And oft the simple shepherd on the hill,
 While heav'ns and flow'ry lawns around him smile,
 Listens, arrested by thy music shrill,
 Nor heeds his silly wandering sheep the while;

Mindless of savage foes that might them tear,
 They wander far from his protecting care.

But, in mild season, it delights me best
 Thy soft mellifluous notes to hear thee pour,
 When as the sun, descending to the west,
 Bathes his bright locks in a soft April show'r:
 While round in hedge and grove no music stirs,
 Nor linnet warbles from the heathy furze.

Alas! that ever I, a thoughtless child,
 Can cruelty to tender age belong?
 Have oft thy nest of all its hope despoil'd,
 And robb'd the fields and woods of many a song.
 Many soft songs which my poetic strain,
 In liquid sounds would imitate in vain.

And ah! that any ruthless swain, thy brood,
 Prying in thickets close, shou'd ravish thence;
 They to their tender parents chirp for food,
 But he regards not feather'd innocence;
 And having captiv'd in confining wires,
 Like Babylon, of them a song requires.

Better to see them in the open sky,
Free as their native element the air,
O'er vallies, mountains, forests, rivers, fly,
And oft to their accustom'd haunts repair ;
Shift, as they list, their wings from tree to tree,
Rejoicing in the shades of liberty,

1797.

TO THE OWL.

AN ODE.



Celestial mistress both of arts and arms,
 Aid me, Minerva, thy own bird I sing!
 And while the untouch'd theme my bosom warms,
 To chaunt her praises elevate my wing,
 Whose accents, in the silence of the night,
 Raise thoughts divine and innocent delight.

Sweet, as sublime Lucretius sings, to hear
 On the safe land the fervid ocean roar;
 See the toss'd vessel, between hope and fear,
 With caution shun the near-approaching shore:
 Not that another's miseries delight,
 ' But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.'

So when on bed of feathers warm I lie

On frosty nights, and hear thy solemn strain,
With thrilling pleasure I sweet rest enjoy,

Tho' of sharp cold thou seemest to complain ;
And yet we hope, from dreary winter's harm,
Thy plumes and ivy bush may keep thee warm.

Nature, the little birds assign'd thy prey,

But spare thy tuneful sister Philomel ;
Let her with thee divide the nightly lay,

By thee unhurt ; she has enough to tell
Of tragic stories, making piteous moan
For the sad fate of Itys, and her own.

Oct. 1801.

FINIS.

[*W. Phillips, Printer.*]

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